SCREENLAND

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Ingrid
Bergman

Young Marrieds! Listen To Shirley Temple Agar Talking

fun and fiestas! ★ songs and señoritas!

M-G-M's Biggest Musical!

Holiday in Mexico

it's gay! ★ let's go!

M-G-M PRESENTS HOLIDAY IN MEXICO in Technicolor

Starring WALTER PIDGEON with JOSE ITURBI • RODDY McDOWALL

JANE POWELL • ILONA MASSEY • XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...



Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall . . .



To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rhumbas by Xavier Cugat...



Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!

SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of INGRID BERGMAN, co-starring in RKO's "Notorious" with Cary Grant. Kodachrome by Ernest A. Bachrach.

First Run Features

The Editor's Page ..... *Delight Evans* 27
An Open Letter to Burl Ives, American troubadour

How Are the Glenn Fords Doing? ..... *Dora Albert* 29
The answer is "Fine" according to Glenn—and his fans!

Young Marrieds! Listen to Shirley Temple Agar Talking ..... *Lupton A. Wilkinson* 30
Happiness must be earned, says this wise teen-aged bride

He's a Killer! ..... *Paul Marsh* 33
Dynamic new man, Burt Lancaster, reaching for stardom

The Men in Marilyn Maxwell's Life ..... *Constance Palmer* 34
Why men like to extend her a helping hand

Irrepressible Pete ..... *S. R. Mook* 37
Lawford's high spirits and sense of humor beggar description

"I Love/Hate Maisie!" Says Ann Sothern ..... *Gladys Hall* 42
Confessions of the star who made a screen character famous

Mason Makes It ..... *Hettie Grimstead* 44
England's man of the moment, James Mason, plans American movie

Love Story ..... *Alyce Canfield* 46
Vivian Blaine's road to stardom and happy marriage

Father Hollywood ..... *Laird A. Wood* 48
Jimmy Durante, whose heart is bigger than his beezer

Through Hell-Dorado with Roy Rogers ..... *Lynn Bowers* 50
Old Timers' Parade in Las Vegas scene for Republic Western

PLUS: Exclusive Color Camera Shots

Glenn Ford, next starring in Columbia's "Gallant Journey" 28
Ida Lupino, Warner Brothers star of "The Man I Love and "Escape Me Never" 32
Peter Lawford, appearing in "Two Sisters from Boston" and "Cluny Brown" 36
Vivien Leigh in "Caesar and Cleopatra" 38
"Claudia" Comes Back: Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young in "Claudia and David" 41

PLUS: The Hollywood Scene Current and to Come

Hot from Hollywood 6
Your Guide to Current Films ..... *Selected by Delight Evans* 8
Fans' Forum 14
Work of Art: "Henry V" 40
Photo Previews 52
Here's Hollywood ..... *Gossip by Weston East* 62
SCREENLAND Salutes Guy Madison in "Till the End of Time" 66
Smooth Sailing, Jeanette! Jeanette MacDonald 68

PLUS: For Femmes Only

Hands to His Heart. Joan Davis ..... *Josephine Felts* 20
Guide to Glamor 24
SCREENLAND Hollywood Fashions: 'Tention, Teen-Agers! Jane Powell's Junior Deb Clothes 58
Farewell, Summer! Hello, Fall! Between-season styles posed by Vera Ralston 60

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today —a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.



That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

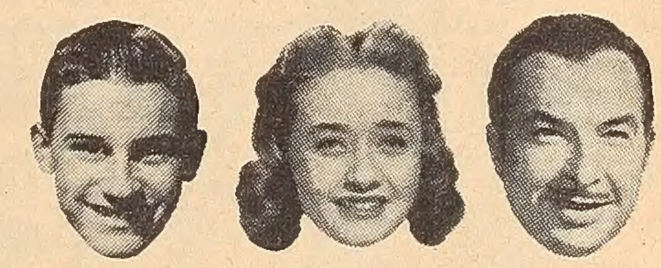
If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.



Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

★ ★ ★ ★

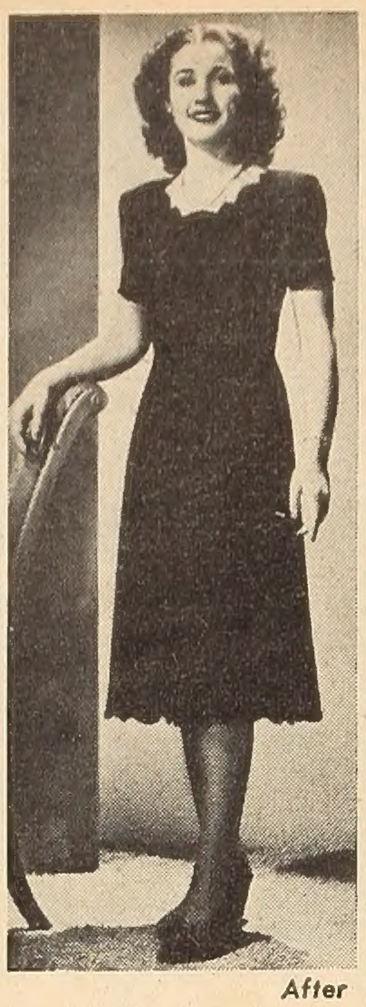
The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—Leo





Before



After

"34 Pounds Gone— I Feel Years Younger"

—says Edith McCormick

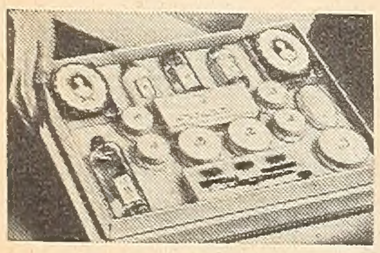
At 31, Mrs. Edith McCormick of Johnston City, Illinois, weighed 150, wore a size 20, was getting a "middle-aged spread." Her skin was dry, her hair hard to manage; she was tired all the time. Wisely she enrolled for the DuBarry Home Success Course. What happened seemed like magic. In 8 weeks, she lost 34 pounds, reduced her waist 4½ inches, her abdomen 9 inches, her hips 7½ inches. She now wears size 11 dresses. Her skin is soft and smooth, her hair lovely. Skillful make-up gives her natural good looks a girlish glamour.

"The DuBarry Success Course has helped me in so many ways," says Edith McCormick. "I feel as though I had started life over. Now I have more vitality than 10 years ago."

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★

Honeymooning between shows can be blissfully happy, as Joe McGinnis discovers when he rushes to embrace his lovely bride, Belita, still in costume on the ice, at left, but when she has to watch the time, below, parting is such sweet sorrow.

★



WHILE Jimmy Stewart made love to Donna Reed (for a scene in "It's a Wonderful Life," of course) a telephone receiver dangled off the hook unnoticed. The scene lasted about twenty minutes. "Oh, Mr. Stewart," called out the assistant director, "Miss Hayworth has been waiting on the phone. She's anxious to talk to you." When Jimmy answered, Rita was *still* waiting. Mad? Not at all. It gave her a good chance to find out how Jimmy does it!

WHEN she was thrown from a donkey in a scene for "Carnival in Costa Rica," Celeste Holm (Mrs. Schuyler Dunning) decided it was high time to let her bosses know she was expecting the stork in December! From then on poor Celeste was lucky when they didn't hire a double to do her breathing. This will be a second child for the lovely comedienne of "Oklahoma" and "Bloomer Girl" fame. Her son by a former marriage is living in the East with Celeste's mother.

WE LUNCHED at 20th and there was Bob Hutton enjoying the food and June Haver. That evening at the preview of "Janie Gets Married," in walked Bob with Lana Turner. And still later on there was Bob at Mocambo, dancing cheek to cheek with lovely newcomer Susan Douglas. "I guess I'm just neurotic," Bob kidded. "I like women!"

Hot from Hollywood



Not even an expert cameraman can deny himself the fun of catching Red Skelton in this well-known pose in his latest MGM picture, "The Show Off."

CARY GRANT
AS COLE PORTER
ALEXIS SMITH
AS HIS "GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" GIRL
WARNERS'
Night and Day
IN TECHNICOLOR



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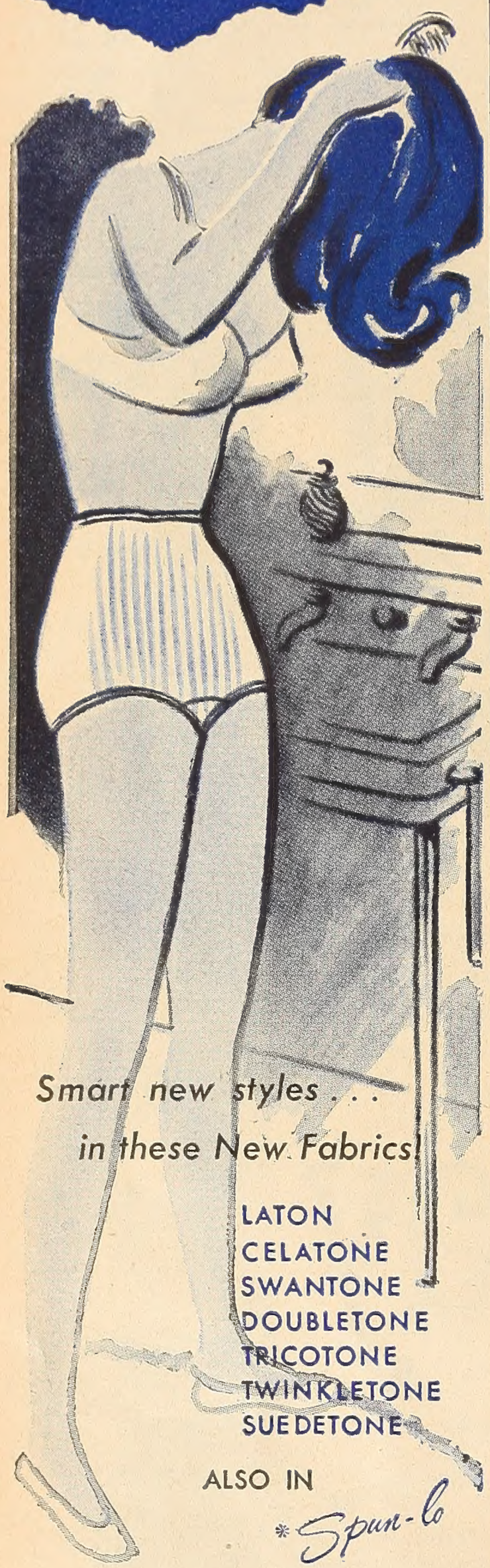


... THE STORY OF COLE PORTER, WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONG SENSATIONS!!!

WITH
MONTY WOOLLEY
GINNY SIMMS ☆ JANE WYMAN
EVE ARDEN
CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and
MARY MARTIN ☆
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend, William Bowers • Adaptation by Jack Moffitt • Based on the Career of Cole Porter • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

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Smart new styles . . .
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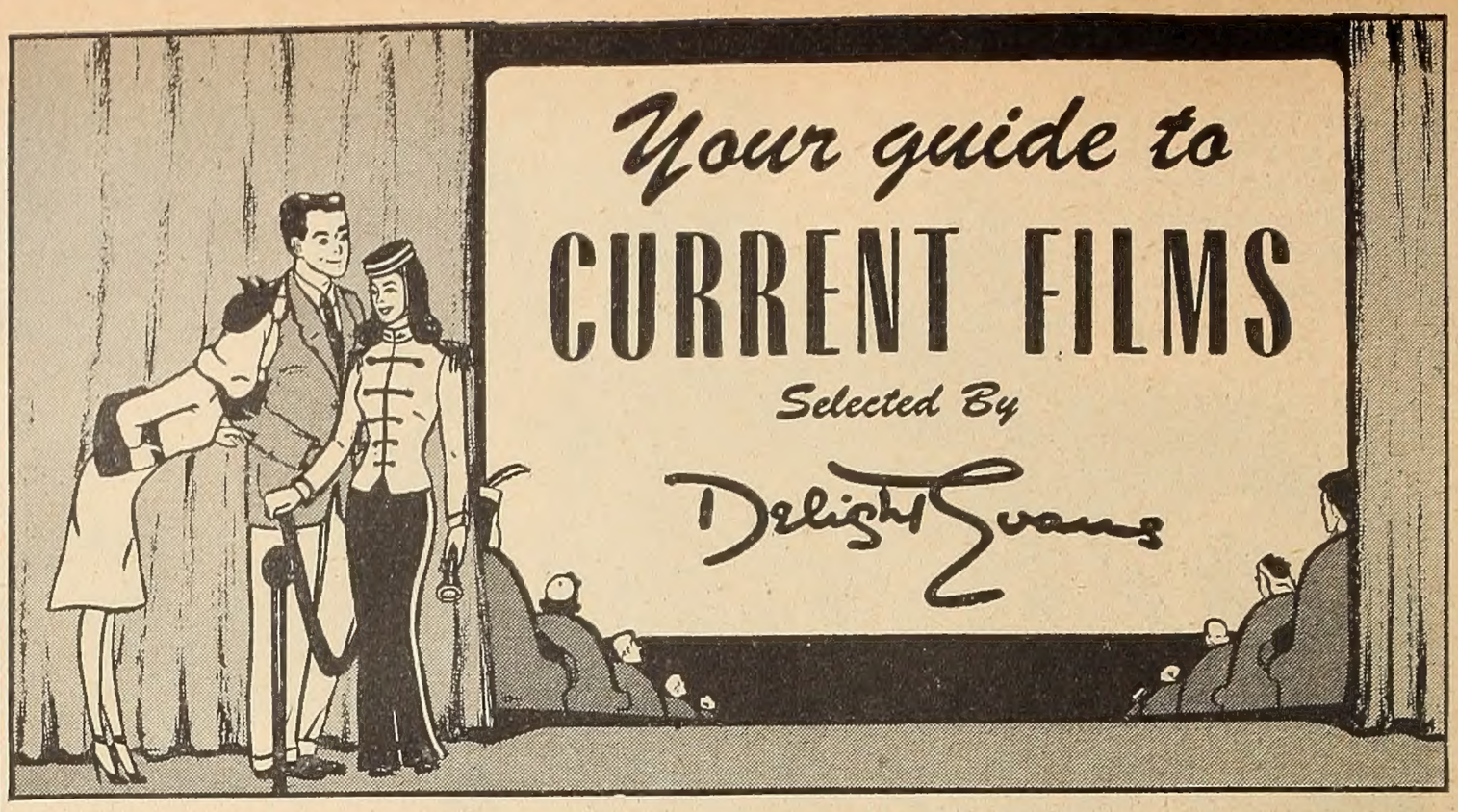
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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



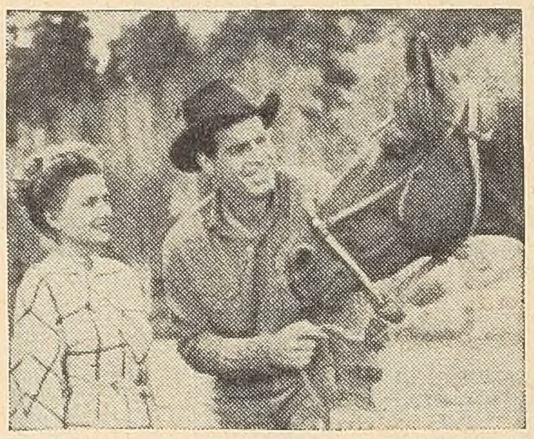
CENTENNIAL SUMMER—*20th Century-Fox*

With Jerome Kern's music, this gloriously Technicolored film based on Albert Idell's popular novel about Philadelphia's centennial is everything you expect—but it doesn't quite touch the lilting qualities of "State Fair." The pace is leisurely, as well it might be with the cast dressed in the fol-de-rols and furbelows of 1876 costumes. There's time for enchanting romance between Jeanne Crain, lovelier than ever, and Cornel Wilde, as a very dashing Frenchman, with complications by Linda Darnell and William Eythe. Dorothy Gish and Walter Brennan are fine as the girls' parents, Constance Bennett adds gaiety as continental aunt.



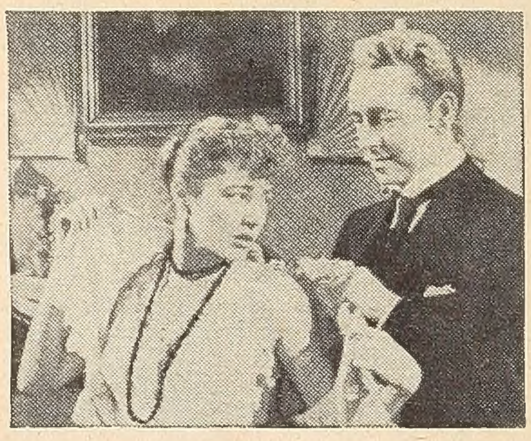
TILL THE END OF TIME—*RKO*

Whether this film will help your boy to settle down to civilian life again is a moot question. But after all, everyone *is* an individual, isn't he? So here we have three ex-Marines—Guy Madison, who does remarkably well as the former school boy, whose parents' affection shows too much; Robert Mitchum, Texan cowhand, Bill Williams, an ex-boxer who finds his way back painfully on man-made legs. Camaraderie is theirs alone, excluding all civilians except Dorothy McGuire, as the war widow—until the fadeout when all but Jean Porter, the jitterbug, see the light. She can't dig anyone liking title tune, based on Chopin's "Polonaise."



SMOKY—*20th Century-Fox*

Across the panoramic beauty of Utah's scenic glory races a black beauty by the name of Smoky, and when that happens you'll settle back ready and willing to witness the finest film yet produced in which a wild animal plays the central character. Based on Will James' classic story, it also provides some excellent roles for Fred MacMurray, as the horse's trainer and best friend; Anne Baxter, the pretty ranch owner; and Burl Ives, a newcomer to films but certainly not to concert and record listeners, as a singing blacksmith—definitely a treat. But it's Smoky who'll win applause for his almost human reaction and animal wisdom.



OF HUMAN BONDAGE—*Warners*

Mildred has done it again. Back in 1934 she took Bette Davis from insignificant roles and started her on the road to stardom. Now she is doing the same thing for Eleanor Parker in this version of Somerset Maugham's widely known book, with Paul Henreid as the club-footed, frustrated artist whose unwanted attraction to the mean and tawdry Mildred, tea-room waitress, wreaks havoc in his life. Except for brittle flashes of *Mildred's* tempestuous, brutal personality, the picture lacks dramatic punch, wallowing tediously in the slumps. Only other bright spots are the scenes with the *Anthelnys*, arrestingly played by Edmund Gwenn and Janet Paige.



CANYON PASSAGE—*Universal*

Rugged pioneering in 1856 Oregon gives this Technicolor film plenty of that kind of plot material Western fans are demanding these days. The cast, too, leaves nothing to be desired, headed by stars Dana Andrews, as a stout-hearted business man, proprietor of the general store and operator of his own freight line; Susan Hayward and Patricia Roc, the women in his life; and Brian Donlevy, local banker with a fatal weakness for gambling. Cabin-raising scenes, Indian warfare, sadly missing from modern horse operas, and a murder trial at kangaroo court, are interesting highlights. Never a dull moment.

(*More Reviews on page* 10)

RKO PRESENTS

A returned war hero . . . a girl back home. New *hope* in each other's arms . . . new *love* in each other's heart . . . Till the End of Time!



Till the End of Time

starring

Dorothy McGuire and Guy Madison
Robert Mitchum · Bill Williams

with Tom Tully · William Gargan · Jean Porter
Johnny Sands · Loren Tindall

A Dore Schary Production · Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Screen Play by Allen Rivkin

RKO RADIO PICTURES



BILL WILLIAMS . . in "Those Endearing Young Charms"



GUY MADISON . . . The sailor in "Since You Went Away"

YOU "discovered" these 3 new stars!

ROBERT MITCHUM..in "The Story of G. I. Joe"

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Instantly, safely and completely stops all perspiration troubles. One application gives lasting protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting*—non-gritty to bottom of jar. Always gentle and soothing to your skin, does not harm fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective.

See how much faster Odorono Cream Deodorant works, how much longer it protects.

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax



NEW SUPER-FAST

ODO-RO-DO

CREAM DEODORANT

*Money back guarantee if any jar does not last longer than any other leading cream deodorant brand. Send jar to Odorono, Inc., Stamford, Conn. †Made in Northam Warren laboratories.



THREE WISE FOOLS—*MGM*

A little child shall lead them! And Margaret O'Brien certainly does in this opus about an orphan from Ireland and the three wise fools, played by Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Edward Arnold—a doctor, a judge and a banker, respectively. Respected and successful, they are, but not happy. So that's where little Maggie comes in, tugging unmercifully on their (and your!) heartstrings until they see the error of their ways. But she couldn't have done all this if it had not been for the leprechauns that lived in an oak tree, a century old. They're cute little fellows, and if you are as superstitious as Maggie in this film, you will live a charmed life after seeing them.



TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE—*Warners*

How visiting royalty learns a thing or two from the American common man is the over-worked theme for this film. Stars Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson do their best with dialogue and situations you and I know altogether too well. Dennis is the Prince of a Balkan country, tired beyond endurance of accepting gold keys to cities and attending political banquets. Jack plays the Brooklyn cabbie who shows him what the American people are really like. Joan Leslie as a manicurist confuses both of them when they insist on her making up her mind which to marry. Even though she keeps them guessing until the final scene, their love, strangely enough, remains true, but something happens to the audience's interest long before that point.



THE RUNAROUND—*Universal*

The lid's off on travel restrictions—in the movies, at least. Rod Cameron and Broderick Crawford, playing two smart dicks, brainy and brawny, respectively, run a highly competitive race across country by everything from plane to broken-down jaloppy to retrieve the lovely Ella Raines, playing the wilful daughter of a millionaire, before she marries a sailor. The old formula? Perhaps, but some new tricks of the trade have been introduced with outstanding success, and the situations are surprising, unique, and humorous, directed by Charles Lamont with the accent on fun. So go see it and have yourself an exciting trip to California and back—with gay stopovers!



SHE WROTE THE BOOK—*Universal*

Joan Davis, posing as the authoress of a sexsational best selling novel, in this fast and funny film farce puts the accent strictly on humor rather than the rowdiness she generally displays. The effect is just as hilarious and will doubtless satisfy old customers and gain new audiences. Her characterization as the low-voiced, quiet, calculus professor forms a striking contrast to the personality she assumes when she becomes a victim of amnesia. Co-starring with her is Jack Oakie, as funny as ever as the publisher's fast-talking advertising manager who helps her regain her memory so that she can write another best seller. Mischa Auer cavorts gaily as Russian count.



LOVER COME BACK—*Universal*

How many times have you heard, "With men it's different"? Enough, no doubt, to be interested in this fast sophisticated farce in which the saying is thoroughly and entertainingly disproved, with George Brent as the leading contender on one side, and Lucille Ball, who plays his wife, a very efficient and clever dress designer, his worthy opponent who makes him concede his point. But not before a lot of hilarious situations inadvantageously occur — for instance, the love message he records and sends to his wife, which turns up in wholesale lots. Vera Zorina, in a strictly dramatic role, plays with compelling sincerity the nice companion and photographer who accompanies the husband on story assignments, adding logic to their illogical spats.



THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS—*Paramount*

So the husband's interest is Civil War history, complicated by a pretty southern belle, and the wife's interest is horses, complicated by a man who knows a snaffle when he sees one, and never the twain shall meet? It does in this film starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Cummings and featuring Diana Lynn and Patric Knowles as complications, but in the process it leads you through a maze of familiar situations topped usually by the wife finding her husband in the designing woman's arms. Natalie Wood and Gregory Muradian have a noisy time as their hardy offspring, Peggy Wood makes a lovely sophisticated grandma, and the late Robert Benchley contributes real humor.

GLENN FORD

IS EVEN

MORE EXCITING

THAN IN

Gilda!





COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

GLENN FORD · JANET BLAIR

in

GALLANT JOURNEY

with CHARLIE RUGGLES · HENRY TRAVERS · JIMMY LLOYD

Original screenplay by Byron Morgan and William A. Wellman

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

COLUMBIA PICTURES

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL ADVENTURES!

The Censors may not

Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18—(Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

[ADVERTISEMENT]
SCREENLAND

like it...
but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!



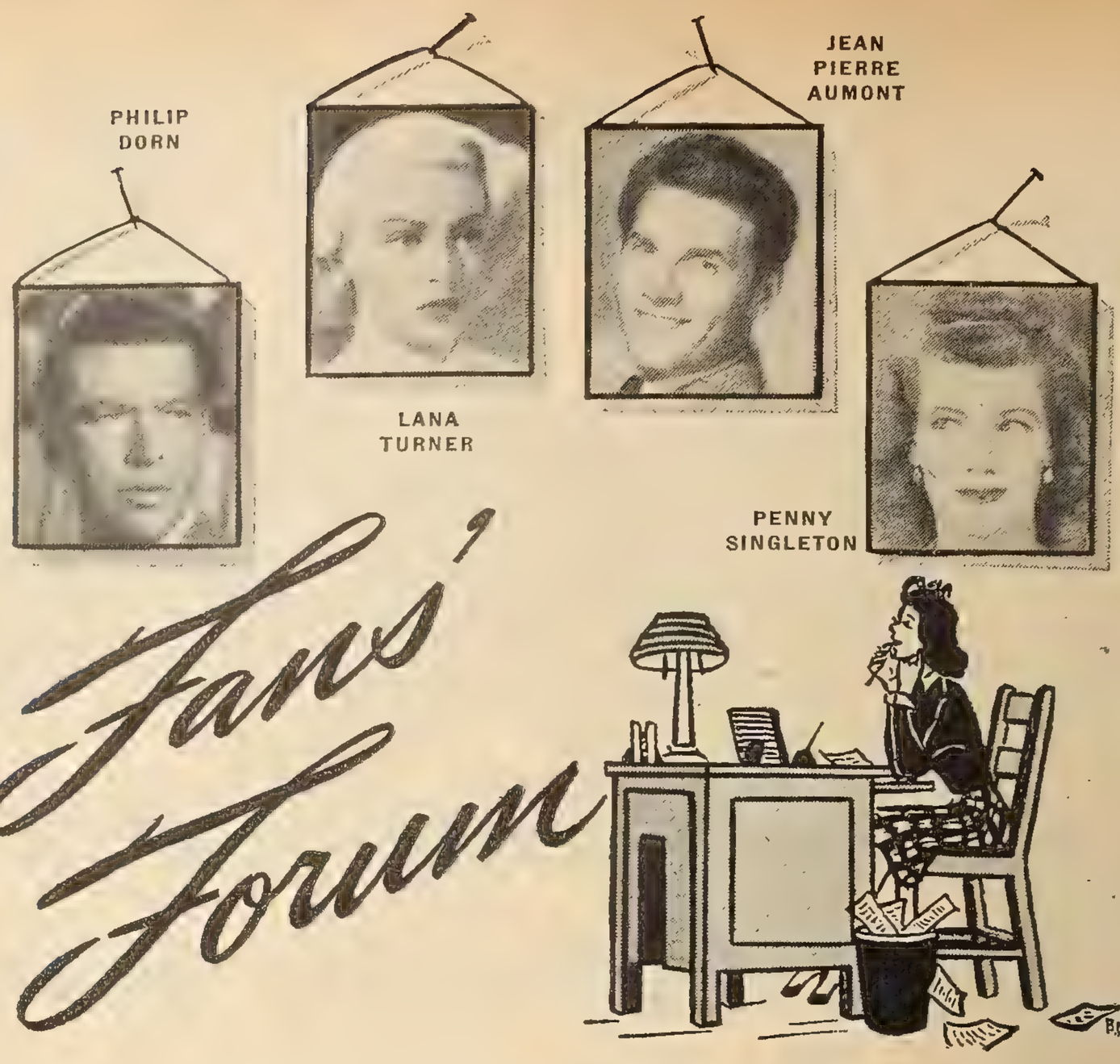
Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.



Fans' Forum

Put Your Private Ideas into Practice!

Of course you have idle ideas about making movies more to your own liking which you generally express to your companions. Yes, we've heard you say, while leaving the theater, that you like this and you dislike that—other particular things about the players or the picture. Why not write down these ideas and send them to Fans' Forum? Other fans, perhaps, as well as movie-makers will be interested in reading them. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00 and five $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
$10.00

We have recently finished a drastic global war and the world is still in a state of confusion and turmoil. Many homes are minus loved ones, children fatherless, hospitals crowded with disabled veterans. These veterans are our responsibility and rightly so, since they fought to keep us free and to make the world a better place in which to live.

Movies are such wonderful entertainment for these boys but these same movies must of necessity be carefree and gay with no deep drawn-out plot that is twisted and tangled so that even a master mind has difficulty in understanding them. Have not our boys seen enough pain and sadness; have they not been through enough torture without having to see it before them at every turn on the screen? They need laughter to replace their tears, joy to counteract their sorrows.

It seems that once Hollywood gets an idea for a movie, it dwells on that one particular plot for ages, such as all these pictures about psycho-neurosis and psychoanalysis. "Lady in the Dark," "Love Letters," and "Spellbound" all were heralded as masterpieces, but I know of many minds they left depressed and of many hearts they left saddened.

Let us have more comedies, more laughter and clean fun in this war-weary world and you'll find that there will be less suicides, murders, and broken hearts. Let the movies be more on the human side and more true-to-life and our boys will take up their lives where they dropped them so hurriedly so long ago.

NORMA MAGRUDER, McAlester, Okla.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
$5.00

I have heard many people say how historical pictures are too romantic, too overplayed, too unreal to life. I don't agree! Have those people ever read encyclopedias? They're dull, brother, very dull! But add a little of that Hollywood zing, and even the biographies of Edison and Hiram Maxim can be interesting. And I'll bet the adults would a whole lot rather see the romantic life of Edison than every invention he ever put together. It doesn't hurt the kids to know he was just an ordinary guy like their dad or school teacher, either. And the little pranks, the love story, the human interest all go to make a good picture, and the kids aren't apt to forget that personality as quickly as they will from just reading about him or her in a dull school text book. I'm all for the historial pictures. Give us more of those and less of the so-called musical pictures.

SALLIE BRISTOW, Sullivan, Ill.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS
$1.00 Each

I was much interested in Mrs. A. F. Worrall's letter about things children should and shouldn't see at a movie. Must be they show things in Brooklyn that aren't "suitable," the same as they do here. I know that sounds prudish but it's been on my mind for months and I have been

SHATTERED MEMORY... HAUNTING FEAR!

One hour of mental darkness threatens a man's whole life . . . turns trust into suspicion . . . tender love into burning hate!



RKO PRESENTS

Pat O'BRIEN · Claire TREVOR · Herbert MARSHALL

IN

CRACK-UP

with **RAY COLLINS • WALLACE FORD • DEAN HARENS**

Directed by IRVING REIS • Written by John Paxton, Ben Bengal and Ray Spencer

RKO RADIO PICTURES



VITALLY IMPORTANT to a healthy scalp and beautiful luxuriant hair is the shampoo you use. Dermatologists warn that harsh, cleansing irritants in shampoos may dry the scalp or affect the roots of the hair.

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shocked to find out how little most parents care *what* their children see on the screen or how it affects them. My children are grown up now, but I still like to watch other children at the show, especially on Saturday p. m. when half the town's juvenile population attends. The funny part is the children themselves act totally indifferent to shooting, seventeen different kinds of murder, card-playing (and for money in tough joints, I mean). They just seem to take it as part of their daily diet and don't look nervous or harmed in any way (at least at the moment). But it seems to me that sooner or later it will show up as one of the main causes of juvenile delinquency and crime—if it hasn't already. I have to admit I saw millions of Indians and pioneers in mock battle when I was a kid and I've never scalped anybody yet, but *something* is certainly bringing up our teen-age crimes to a terrifying total and this subject can sure stand a lot of investigation—and I don't mean perhaps.

Your column is a fans' forum and I'd like to hear what other readers think about it—(not ad nauseum, but if I'm shying at a mare's nest I'd be glad to lay down my arms and say "I'm licked"). The difficulty is to *do* anything about it even if we decide the pictures are really dangerous. Most small towns couldn't support a real children's theater even if we desired it, but seems as though the assembly rooms could be used in school buildings for the thrilling pictures that could be made and shown for children. Or a certain time of day in the week set aside as a "children's show"—with pictures like "The Bumsteads" for example. Parents as well as kids get a big kick out of them. I saw Penny Singleton in a *Blondie* and *Dagwood* picture the other night and the happy faces around me did my heart a lot of good. Kids aren't so dumb. They have a wonderful sense of humor and are naturally pleased with anything that gives them a laugh.

If you've got any ideas on what to do about this, speak out. My idea would be to get the Parent-Teacher's associations to work on this and the women's clubs—let them do something for the good of their country instead of just eating lunch and increasing their waistlines.

EVALYN STEVENS, Salem, Ohio

In your "Guide to Current Films" department in the June issue, Delight Evans, you give us a true resume of that currently popular feature, "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and then add the comment, "Please exclude the children." How true, how very, very true, this injunction. And how I wish that the management of the local theater at which I have just seen this fine, adult picture had obeyed it! Not for the reason you obviously meant. I am about convinced that the modern, precocious offspring can take anything—even a "Lost Weekend"—in his or her sophisticated stride.

No, it isn't that I fear the kiddies' morals or morale would be hurt by seeing any of these current, lusty, adult performances, such as those fine, factual portrayals by John Garfield and Lana Turner in "The Postman." I've another gripe about letting the youngsters in to these dramatic features, and that is the pesty annoyances they make of themselves. Here in Phoenix, to cite one horrible example, boxes of hot buttered popcorn are sold in every theater lobby; these junior Frankensteins arm themselves with this popcorn, chew on it (with high-volumed sound effects) throughout the most poignant passages of the feature, stash the near-emptied boxes on the floor or forward pass 'em to a chum ten rows away; they "have to go" every few minutes, seems like, barging heedlessly down an entire row of long-suffering adults; the male of the species nonchalantly wrap their legs about the neck of the unfortunate grownup in the seat ahead—and otherwise comport themselves like so many beasts. Would that someone would launch a campaign to keep them in their place—the children's section—and bar 'em from all movie houses during the evening hours!

M/SGT. HERBERT E. SMITH, Phoenix, Ariz.

Why does Hollywood persist in building up to so many let-downs? So much time, money, and talent is wasted by this screwball procedure! To say nothing of the many hearts it breaks.

For example, take Philip Dorn (and what girl wouldn't!). A few seasons ago he was being praised sky high—and rightly so, too. He was splendid in "Escape," "Under-



A Judy Garland in miniature is little Liza Minelli, one-month old, named for her mother's favorite song. Judy co-stars next with Gene Kelly in MGM's "The Pirate.

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G. C. F. PRESENTS

VIVIEN LEIGH*

CLAUDE RAINS

in

Bernard Shaw's

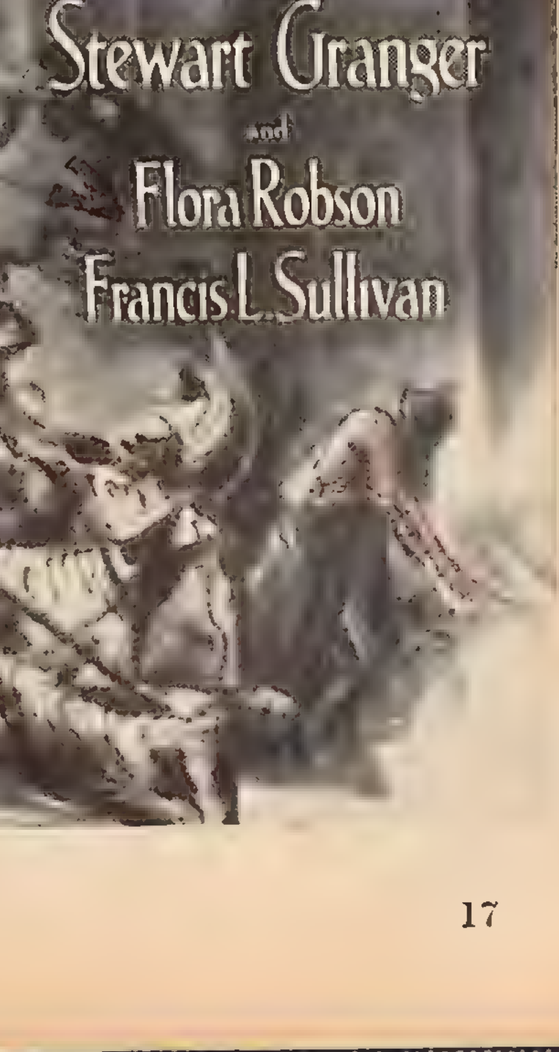
"Caesar and Cleopatra"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Gabriel Pascal

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Cleopatra her greatest role since 'Scarlett' in "Gone With The Wind"



with

Stewart Granger

and

Flora Robson

Francis L. Sullivan



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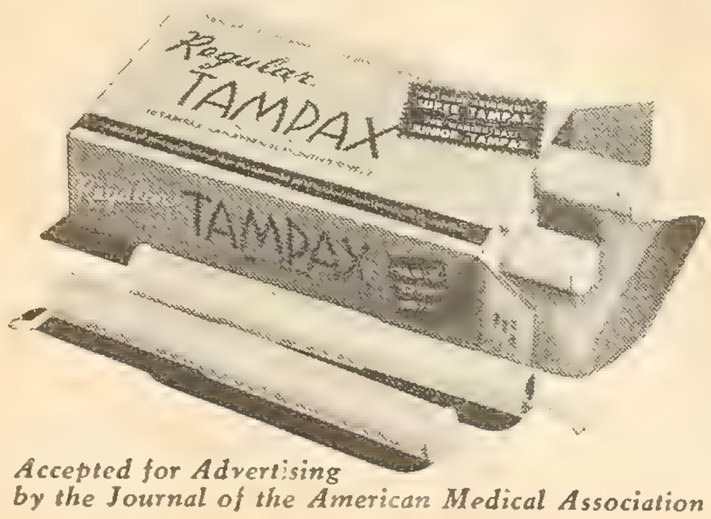
*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK



WHY wait for other women to tell *you?* Discover Tampax for yourself and then pass on to your friends and acquaintances the good news about this internally-worn sanitary protection for monthly use . . . Good news that belts and pins are unnecessary! Good news that Tampax causes no wrinkles, bulges or ridges to break up the smooth lines of a sheer evening dress.

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association



There's an aura of romance in the air wherever Sonja Henie goes with Stuart Barthelmess. Yes, he's the son of former silent motion picture star, Richard Barthelmess—and didn't he inherit a goodly portion of papa's good looks? We ask you.

ground," "Reunion in Paris," and everything else in which he appeared. He was described as "having everything it takes" and great things were predicted for him.

Then—crash! Down he fell into some villain's role, in one of the "Tarzan" pictures. After that he disappeared! Why? He has a strong, likable personality, is very good-looking, young enough to "send" the bobby-soxers, matured enough to give the older gals butterflies, and he has enough of an accent to put the proverbial "soul" into our language. What more does Hollywood want?

Ralph Bellamy was treated that way, too, but he refused to retreat into oblivion. He invaded New York, captured success, and is now in a position to dictate terms to Hollywood. Perhaps Philip Dorn, and others who are let down for no good reason at all, had better follow his wise example.

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

Our nation is blessed with abundance. This blessing includes talent. In practically every field we can claim leadership. We must make the same claim in the motion picture industry.

We cannot do this if we continue to go abroad for talent. We bow to nations overseas when we seek a female lead in "Gone with the Wind" and "Forever Amber" to name two outstanding examples. We have thousands of dramatic students leaving schools, colleges and universities each year. They have beauty, charm, talent, compared to any, anywhere else in the world.

Another point, if I am permitted: Our talent deserves opportunity on stage, screen and radio. Motion picture stars monopolize radios and stages to a great extent. They are seen on the stage and screen and then heard on the radio and phonographs. How can the vast extent of our nation's acting talent be known when it is not given ample opportunity?

If screen stars were not permitted to perform on the stage or radio, it would provide a chance for others, now unknown. The same applies for radio and stage stars. When given a chance in another field, they should relinquish the one they are now in and give others an opportunity to come out of obscurity.

Besides, it extends employment over a broader area, widens our artistic value and demonstrates real Americanism.

TOM BARRETT, Shenandoah, Pa.

This is a much belated letter of thanks to SCREENLAND for doing something quite wonderful for me over three years ago. Back in 1943, I was indeed in a sad predicament for a teen-aged movie fan. I was, in fact, lacking a favorite screen hero. I didn't swoon over such stereotypes as "Mr. Frailly Slender" or "Mr. Always Larcenous" or "Mr. Very Juvenile." I knew they were all pleasant and interesting personalities, but none of them appealed to my slightly jaded film palate. Just when I had felt bored with all Hollywood heroes, something happened which made me the most ardent of fans. While absorbing my monthly issue of SCREENLAND, I noticed a most arresting "new face." The shining blond hair, the slightly arched eyebrows, the firm mouth with its upward quirk of boyish mirth, and the finely chiseled features all fascinated me. But more than handsome, this face possessed a strength and vivacity that was unusual in the traditionally mask-like faces of matinee idols. The actor was a young Frenchman, who was soon to rejoin the forces of Free France. His name was Jean Pierre Aumont—words which spelled charm, romance and talent to me.

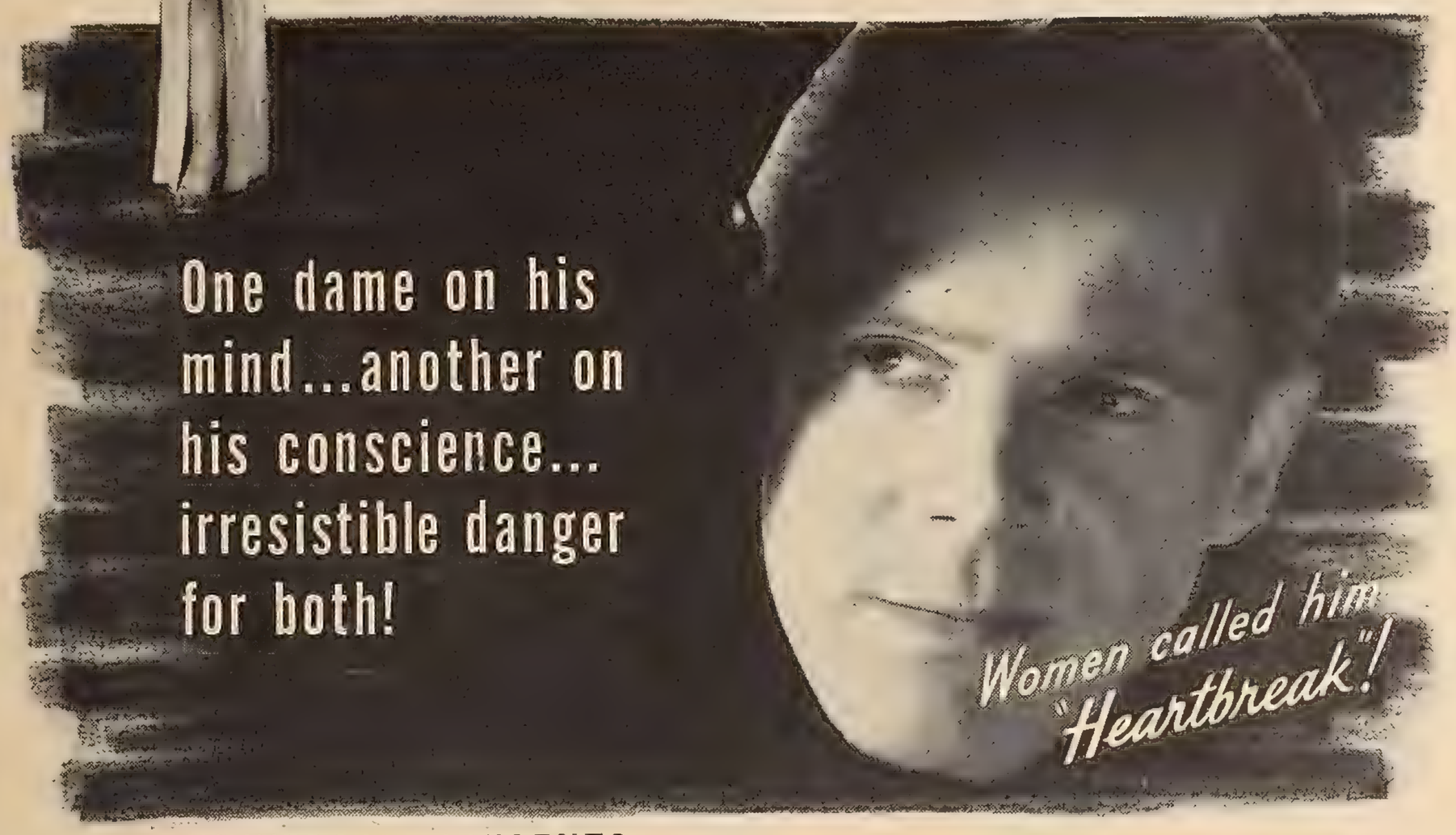
I've just seen him in "Heartbeat," one of the most delicious bits of screen gaiety ever filmed. Jean Pierre as a diplomat certainly makes diplomacy an attractive profession! It may not be diplomacy as the UNO knows it, but it is definitely the sort which will win feminine hearts for Pierre.

For all these reasons, I'm saying "merci" to you for publishing that photo of Pierre and giving me the brightest star I've ever seen in the cinema skies. And to Pierre—a heartfelt welcome back to the American screen from an admiring fan.

KAY McGOWAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Duryea! that fascinating tough-guy of "Scarlet Street" . . . in his first starring role!



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Hands to his Heart

Joan Davis, gay, popular star of screen and radio, takes hand care seriously for the sake of glamor. You will want to see her in Universal's hilarious screenplay called "She Wrote the Book."

Illustrated at left: To remove nail enamel, use a piece of cotton moistened in remover and draw it firmly along nail to tip. Always apply a base coat thinly in as few strokes as possible. This gives a smoother surface and makes polish last longer. Put on polish with firm, even strokes, let it dry and there you are with lovely fingers!

Appealing hands with lovable fingers turn out to be beau-catchers every time

By Josephine Felts

HE ADMIRES your hands and thinks them the prettiest in the whole world. You want to keep him feeling that way about them and this is not hard to do if you know some of the tricks of hand care on which the stars rely. Hollywood is perhaps more hand conscious than other cities. An actress thinks and portrays emotion with her whole body. Her hands are so vital to her acting that she takes every opportunity to keep them lovable and appealing.

Hands are quite as expressive as faces—some experts consider them more so. One dramatic star once told me that if you watch a woman's hands while she is talking you can tell whether or not she means what she says. Your own hands have a great psychological value to you for they are right there in front of you all the time. If they are well groomed, smooth, carefully manicured, they give you that feeling of pride and confidence that is so important to every girl whether she acts on her own private stage for her own special leading man or is on the screen for millions to see. If you do not keep your hands attractive, if you let your nails be ragged and uncared for they have a bad effect not only on other people but on yourself. And you cannot go through life with your hands tucked out of sight.

Joan Davis is one of the many screen and radio stars who cares for her own hands—beautifully. Joan says, "I think your hands are the measure of your own good grooming." Certainly well-groomed hands point the way to personal loveliness.

A daily Be-Kind-To-Your-Own-Hands campaign will pay you rich beauty rewards. First, their texture. Are they soft and smooth as you would like? Most of us are using our hands more than we did some time ago. We have to do more things for ourselves. Perhaps this means that your hands are in and out of water more than they used to be. Don't let them get rough and coarsened because of this. Hand lotion or hand cream will help prevent roughness, redness and will smooth as well as soften the skin. A great part of the battle, I think, is to have this lotion or cream of your choice right where you will see it, in bathroom and kitchen, where you can form the habit of using it almost without thinking. But don't neglect your hands and then expect to soak

the book everybody's talking about

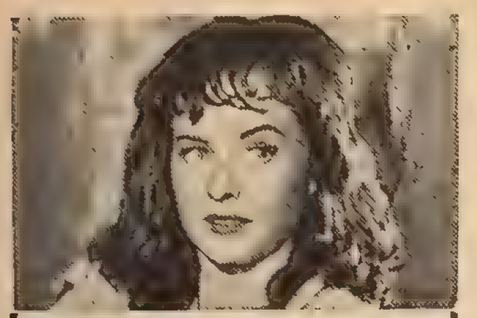
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What were the secret scandals that kept Kitty from marrying the "Blue Boy" of her dreams?



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...Scandals that began when dashing Sir Hugh Marcy brought home a rough-and ragged Kitty — taught her to dress, to speak, to act like a lady, and launched a career that was to be the talk of England. "A girl like you could get anything she wanted," devil-may-care Hugh murmured. And Kitty took his advice. With his help, Kitty married wealthy Jonathan Buttall, who never made a purchase without exacting every penny's worth . . . but who didn't live long enough to collect from Kitty. After Jonathan's violent end, Kitty kept right on climbing . . . became the wife of a doting old Duke . . . who gave Kitty his fortune . . . but his most cherished dream, the birth of an heir, was too much for his old heart. His sudden passing left her free for Brett—the "Blue Boy" of her dreams who'd haunted her every adventure. But when Brett, Lord of Montford, finally offered her his hand in marriage, could Kitty accept? She had riches . . . she had power . . . but could she pay the price that had to be paid for the only man she ever loved?

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Auburn-haired, blue-eyed Warner Brothers' importation, Viveca Linfors, famed on Swedish stage and screen, meets Gary Cooper and Perc Westmore on first day at studio.

them in some magic lotion and have them lovely on the spot before some gala evening. Regular care is the trick.

Every few days take a few moments to massage your hands. Experts advise you not to stop at the wrist but to work right on up your forearm to stimulate circulation. Here is the way Joan does it. She puts her elbow on the table and works over her hands as if drawing on a new pair of gloves. This can be done with or without cream or lotion, of course, but is more effective with it.

On manicure, Hollywood is divided. Some stars never do their own hands, always rely on a manicurist. Others like to do their own and take pride in this personal skill. Most of them, however, give their own hands daily care supplemented regularly with expert hand grooming.

In doing your own fingers one of the first musts is to have all your hand grooming essentials together in a convenient place. You'll want file, emery board, nail scissors, orange stick, where you can lay your hands on them instantly.

It is a good idea to have an extra orange stick and a nail brush by the bath tub. Then while you are bathing you can give your fingers a brisk work out with the nail brush and gently press back the cuticle with the orange stick. If you will make this a habit you will find it easier to keep the shape of your nails the charming oval you, and he, too, like so much. Brittle nails which break easily should have regular applications of one of the good new preparations made to help overcome this tendency.

The shape of your nails depends a great deal on the shape of your fingers. Wear the nail a little longer to accentuate the length and slenderness of your hands, but not too long. Thin, claw-like nails are as ugly as garish makeup. Today's favorite shape is a gently rounded oval.

When you put on your nail polish, your nail will have the appearance of greater length if you will cover the half moon with polish and bring the enamel out to the end of the nail, leaving only a hair line free at the tip of the finger. Apply a base coat first to have your polish stay on longer and always remember two coats are better than one!

The matter of shade is a personal one. Ravishing new colors appear so fast you can wear a different one every day if you like. A wise girl selects several that she likes and that go with her wardrobe, then clings to them for a season.

The new glittering enamels have added still more variety to the hand fashion picture. Some girls wear them in the daytime as well as for beautiful evenings, but I think they look more appropriate at night. They give sparkle and brilliance to your fingertips and you can put regular polish over them easily next morning.

Your hands are going to tell on you! Be sure that they tell pleasant things.



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894 How to Advertise
895 Astronomy for Beginners
994 Physics Self Taught
1004 How to Save Money
1031 How to Own Your Home
1174 How to Write Business Letters
1206 How to Swim
1319 How to Study
1351 How to Get Ahead
1357 What You Should Know About Law
1427 Law for Workingman
1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1726 How to Think Creatively

Biography

33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
123 Life of Madame du Barry
141 Life of Napoleon
142 Life of Bismarck
253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
324 Life of Lincoln
343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
395 Autobiography of Cellini
412 Life of Mohamet
490 Life of Michelangelo
506 Life of Voltaire
522 Life of Thomas Paine
523 Life of Franklin
525 Life of Goethe
526 Life of Caesar
528 Life of Shakespeare
537 Life of Barnum
565 Magellan and the Pacific
604 Life of Roosevelt
718 Great Women of Antiquity
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
1482 Career of Gen. U. S. Grant
1723 Career of Al Capone

Entertainment

606 How to Play Chess
626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
658 Toasts for all Occasions
704 Facts to Know About Palmistry
767 Facts to Know About Astrology
845 Facts to Know About Fortune-Telling
893 Five Hundred Riddles
995 How to Play the Piano
1006 Children's Games
1010 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks
1049 How to Teach Yourself to Sing
1103 Book of Puzzles and Brainteasers
1139 Photography Self Taught
1175 Amusing Riddles
1183 How to Play Checkers
1210 Mathematical Oddities
1239 Party Games for Grown Ups
1254 Contract Bridge Made Easy
1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught
1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks Exposed
1688 100 Cocktails
1747 Games of Solitaire

Famous Books

1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
313 Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde
337 Pippa. Passes. Robert Browning
394 Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson
406 Essay on Man. Alexander Pope
785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
1196 Girl with Three Husbands
1532 Don Quixote. Cervantes

Fiction

12 Mystery Tales. Poe
21 Carmen
23 Great Sea Stories
40 House and Brain
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
107 The Dream Woman
145 Great Ghost Stories
215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
223 Wanton Wife of a King. Jack London
277 Man Without a Country
290 The Gold Bug
352 Short Stories. William Morris
375 Love Story of an Old Maid
630 Second-Story Man. Upton Sinclair
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
698 Tales of Chicago. Ben Hecht
699 Broken Necks. Ben Hecht
746 A Daughter of Eve
1166 Infatuation
1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies. Goethe
1458 The Princess and the Tiger. Goethe
1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster
1610 One Lover Among Many
1624 The Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion. Anatole France
1669 The Jolly Beggars. Robt. Burns

Fine Arts

387 History of Painting
403 History of Music
466 History of Sculpture
468 History of Architecture

French Literature in English

3 Fourteen Little Essays. Voltaire
6 Love. Maupassant
27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
28 Toleration. Voltaire
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
198 Majesty of Justice. France
199 The Tallow Ball. Maupassant
200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
314 Short Stories. Daudet
344 Don Juan. Balzac
886 The Piece of String. Maupassant
887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael

Health

1242 Care of Skin and Hair
1321 Fasting for Health
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1435 Constipation: Its Correction
1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
1534 How to Test Urine at Home
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1563 Marvels of Sunlight

History

50 Paine's Common Sense
83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant
126 History of Rome
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
150 Lost Civilizations
214 Speeches of Lincoln
276 Speeches of Washington
558 Great Pirates. C. J. Finger
596 A History of Modern Mexico
597 History of American Revolution
627 History of the Jews
1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
1241 Outline of U. S. History
1757 Facts About Alaska

Humor

20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
26 On Going to Church. Bernard Shaw
168 Witty Epigrams. Oscar Wilde
291 The Jumping Frog. Twain
347 Riddle Rimes
348 Best Wit of the Scotch
382 Humor of Lincoln
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
971 Humorous Anecdotes
1115 Ridiculous Stories
1146 College Humor
1191 Broadway Wisecracks
1199 Laughable Lyrics
1200 Nonsense Stories
1261 Prize Winning Tongue Twisters

Jokes

972 Popular Joke Book
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1184 Book of Best Scotch Jokes
1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
1231 Book of Best Jokes
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
1475 More Best Jokes
1824 How to Die Laughing: In 62 Easy Lessons. Gag cartoons
1825 Stop, Look and Laugh 62 Gag-cartoons
1877 Grins and Giggles. 62 Cartoon Gags

Juvenile

44 Aesop's Fables
57 Rip Van Winkle
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland
188 Adventures of Munchausen
391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida
516 Real Adventures
554 Child's Garden of Verse
559 Robinson Crusoe
716 Mother Goose
819 Strange Murders
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella

Literature

79 Enoch Arden
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
146 Snowbound; Pied Piper
148 Strength of the Strong. Jack London
152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
177 Subjection of Women
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
285 Unconventional Amour
289 Pepys' Diary
513 Travels of Marco Polo
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impluse
799 Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith
829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow
1569 Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love
1673 Runaway Wife

Love and Romance

106 Frenchwoman's Views of Life
196 The Marquise: Secret Passion
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
404 Romances of Paris
410 French Amorous Misadventures
438 Secret Memoirs of French Royal Mistress
540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
541 French Love Stories of Many Hues
665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers
810 Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life
817 Her Burning Secret
915 Mad, and Other Stories
916 Night in Whitechapel
917 Room No. 11
918 Man with the Blue Eyes
919 The Clown
920 Queer Night in Paris
921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment
922 Wife's Confession
975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
976 Casanova: World's Greatest Lover
990 Wagner's Great Love Affair
1046 Coquette vs. a Wife
1047 Mysterious Exiles
1067 Splendors of a Courtesan
1113 Love from Many Angles
1195 First Love, and Other Tales
1202 Forbidden Love
1213 Romance That Balzac Lived
1270 Among the Mormons
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1428 Curious Love Affairs
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania
1620 Merry Tales. France
1622 Five Women and the Grand Passion. France
1656 The Girdle of Aphrodite

Philosophy

11 A Guide to Nietzsche
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
35 Facing Plain Facts of Life
96 Dialogues of Plato
101 Thoughts on Man. Pascal
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
159 Guide to Plato
414 Art of Happiness. Powys
520 A Guide to Spinoza. Durant
571 Story of Kant's Philosophy
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic

Religion

4 The Age of Reason. Paine
61 What is Religion? Tolstoy
184 Primitive Beliefs
593 As a Man Thinketh
600 The Essence of the Bible
636 Greatest Thing in the World
684 Essence of Judaism

Russian Literature (in English)

24 The Kiss, Chekhov
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
105 Seven Hanged. Andreyev
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky

Science

53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
190 Psycho-Analysis. The key to Human Behavior
217 The Puzzle of Personality
408 Einstein's Relativity Explained
447 Auto-Suggestion
467 Facts About Evolution
491 Psychology for Beginners
524 Death: and its Problems
555 Structure of the Earth
603 A-B-C of the Electron Theory
679 Chemistry for Beginners
727 Psychology of Affections
761 Food and Diet
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
806 Facts About the Nature of Science
808 Man's Debt to the Sun
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
1299 Origin of Life
1429 Airplanes, How to Fly Them
1442 Facts About Graphology
1514 Inventions of Edison
1595 Facts About Calendar
1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams
1754 How to Read Finger Prints

Social Hygiene

14 What Every Girl Should Know
74 Physiology of Sex Life
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
98 How to Love. Wood
172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
189 Eugenics Made Plain
203 Love Rights of Women
648 Rejuvenation—Fountain of Youth. Fielding
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
653 What Boys Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
689 Women's Sexual Life
690 Man's Sexual Life
691 The Child's Sexual Life
717 Modern Sexual Morality
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

Miscellaneous

986 How to Talk and Debate
987 The Art of Kissing
988 The Art of Courtship
1003 How to Think Logically
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
1018 Humorous Limericks
1023 Popular Recitations
1040 Bedtime Stories
1043 Study of Woman. Balzac
1069 Conquest of Fear
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome
1093 Amusing Puns
1097 Memory; How to Develop
1109 Spanish Self Taught
1170 Funny Ghost Stories
1176 A Mad Love
1207 French Self Taught
1221 Facts About Will Power
1292 Best Short Stories
1320 How to Get a Husband
1340 How to Get a Job
1341 Unusual Menus
1342 Typical Love-Problems
1354 Book of Striking Similes
1413 My Prison Days
1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
1419 Curious Deaths
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1476 What to Know About Your Sensations
1508 Facts About Poisons
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1562 How to Live Long
1633 Exploits of a Fiddler
1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases
1710 The Magic of Numbers
1712 Great Dates in History
1714 Determination vs. Free Will
1715 Funeral Services Without Theology
1717 Religion and Progress
1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity
1721 Gambler's Luck
1727 Fifty Famous Sauces
1738 How to Win Prize Contests
1739 Hints on Developing Personality
1740 True Prison Escapes
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Why not be lovelier this September with beauty of your own choosing?



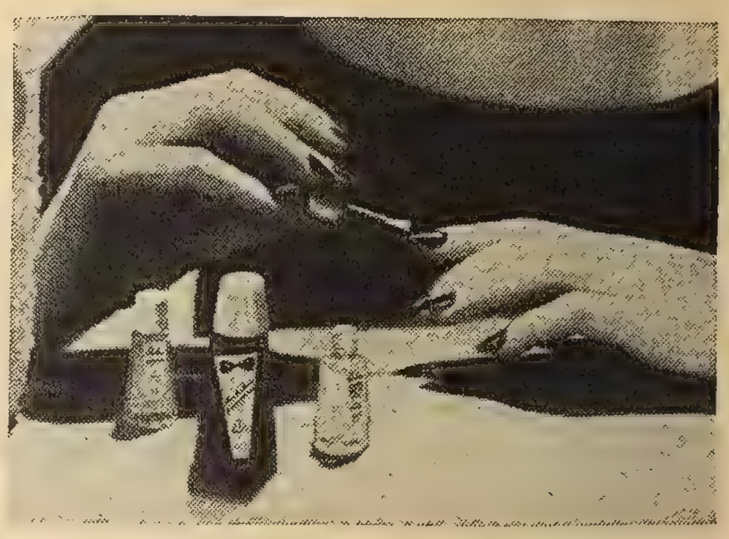
This young beauty adds to the charm of her bright blonde hair by doing her curls with Wildroot's new Hair Set; a quick, easy way.

THERE is a new beauty product in the Wildroot family called Wildroot Hair Set that is going to make life easier for lots of us. Its secret is that it contains processed lanolin which makes it grand to use for a hurry-up, last-minute hair grooming. All textures of hair respond nicely to it and you are going to find that it helps set your hair after a shampoo quickly and pleasantly. Every girl who knows the advantage of shining hair that stays in place will want to use this fine new beauty aid.



Tuya, the daring and provocative new South American scent in perfume, powder, cologne.

One of the secrets of soft hands is the careful and regular use of a hand cream such as Pacquins. Thousands of women have found that Pacquins solves their hand care problems, because it is so easy to use. Just a dab on your fingers, massaged well into your skin and your hands feel smoother at once. This is the kind of hand cream, we've discovered, that goes on without feeling sticky or greasy from the first moment; and if you use it after your hands have been in water it helps prevent them becoming rough or red. Pacquins is in fact one of the best kinds of beauty insurance we know.



Put twinkling magic on your finger tips with Revlon's new Frosted Nail Enamels.

From South America has come Tuya a wonderful new perfume made from that glamorous and exotic flower, the Venezuelan white orchid. Here is a different fragrance he'll love to have you wear and one you yourself will find a great delight. You can ensemble it too, for not only is there the perfume in its charming flacon but Tuya toilet water and face powder to match.



Here is Sass-shay, the new solid sachet ovals, five long-lasting and delightful fragrances.



Look where Lulu landed!

So ended another vacation romance! She had been simply crazy about him—and he about her—when first they met. Then his interest turned to indifference. You couldn't blame him; with so many other attractive girls around, why should he put up with that?*

* * *

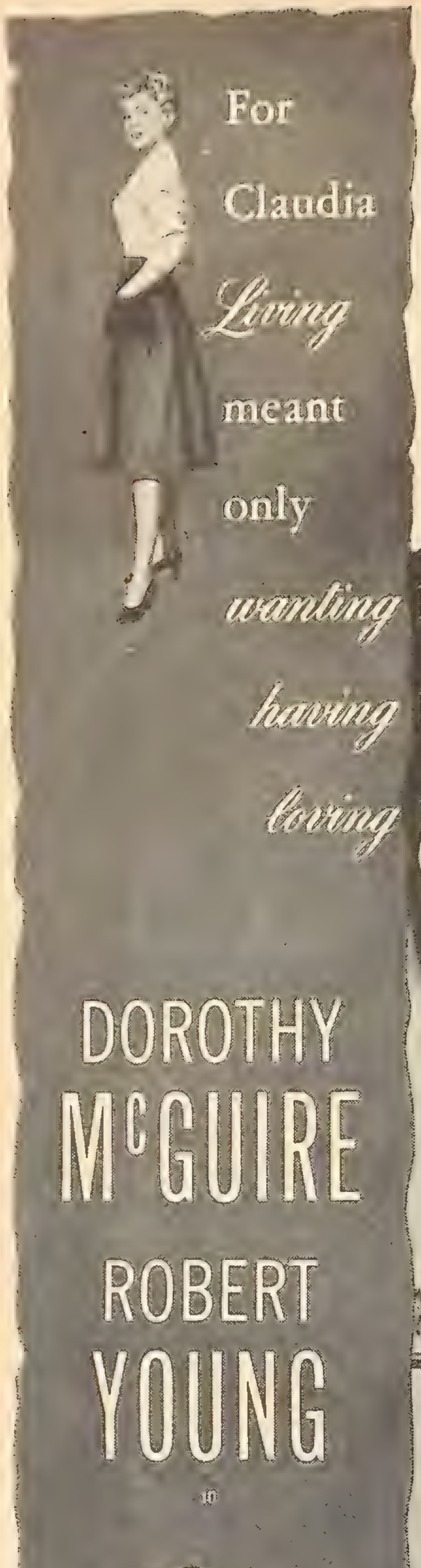
How foolish for a girl . . . for anybody . . . to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic provides such an easy, wholly delightful precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath)*?

Merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date on which you wish to be at your best. Better still, use it systematically morning and night. How wonderfully it freshens . . . what a nice sense of assurance it gives you! Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BE AT YOUR BEST ON YOUR VACATION . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** FOR ORAL HYGIENE



For Claudia *Living* meant only *wanting* David . . . *having* David . . . *loving* David . . .

DOROTHY McGUIRE

ROBERT YOUNG

in

Claudia and David

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Life's so full of perpetual emotion when these wonderful lovers are more wonderfully in love than ever before!

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MARY ASTOR · JOHN SUTTON
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Directed by WALTER LANG

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

20th CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

Adaptation by Vera Caspary · From the Redbook Magazine Stories by Rose Franken

AN OPEN LETTER TO BURL IVES

The Troubadour's Page





He's not as handsome as Perry Como, as slender as Sinatra, as ingratiating as Bing. But after you've seen and heard Burl Ives in "Smoky," you'll be acclaiming him.

Dear Troubadour:

Let's face the facts. When your mellow voice is first heard from the screen singing "On Top of Old Smoky," audiences sit up and take an interest. A bobby-socker near me began squealing, "Oooh that voice! He's a mellow man. Bet he looks like a combination of Perry Como and—oh—Bing, maybe, with a definite dash of Dick Haymes thrown in."

And then you appear—genial, pleasingly plump, with a wonderful repertoire of American ballads, singing some of the same songs that have enthralled such connoisseurs as Carl Sandburg, have held spellbound crowded concert audiences in New York. I won't say you exactly waddled into pictures, but the bobby-socker took one look and did NOT swoon. As the picture "Smoky" progressed, though, and your nice casual personality emerged, and that mellow voice went right on singing, she sat up straighter and even sighed a little. You won her over, and lots more like her. I don't say you'll ever be the bobby-sockers' delight, Mr. Ives, (and I've an idea that won't worry you much) but you'll do all right. Just keep on singing.

Delight Evans



Color photo by Cronenweth, Columbia Pictures

HOW ARE THE *Glenn Fords* DOING?

In this exclusive-to-us interview Glenn Ford answers the above question, frankly and honestly, for the first time

By Dora Albert

WHEN I told Glenn Ford that I wanted to write an article on "How Are the Fords Doing?" he said, "But, Dora, you can answer that in one word—fine." So I explained that the people who go to see Glenn's pictures want to know more than just that—that we're all interested in Ellie (Eleanor Powell) and the baby and how Glenn is adjusting himself to life as a civilian, now that he's back making movies.

"I'm not the right person to talk to about things like that," Glenn said, almost choking on his hot vichyssoise. We were having lunch together at Glenn Billingsley's, just around the corner from Columbia Pictures, where Glenn is hard at work making "Gallant Journey." "Although," said Glenn, "I was in the photographic service of the Fleet Marine Force for a great many months, I wasn't in the thick of danger. The fellows who could really tell you about the difficulties of adjusting to civilian life are the ones who fought at spots like Okinawa and who barely came through with their skins. For the rest of us, getting back to civilian life isn't anything very difficult. It's the thing we've hoped and prayed for all the time we were away. It's the realization of dreams and the fulfillment of hopes."

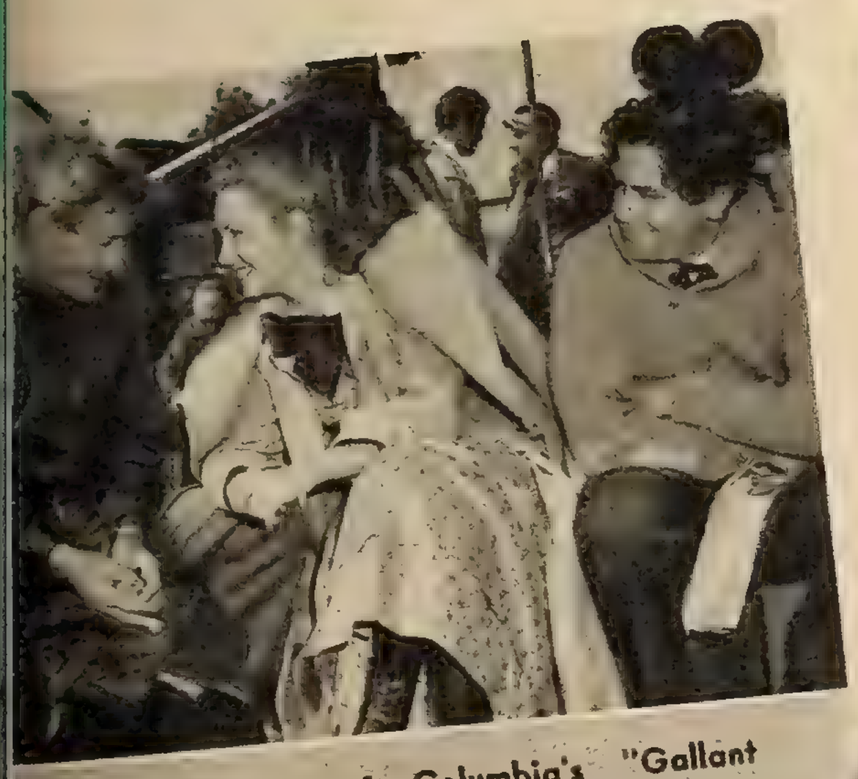
He remembers very vividly the exact mo-

(*Please turn to p. 70*)





One look at these pictures, at left and below, and the question is answered. The Glenn Fords, including little Peter Newton Ford, are definitely doing all right these days.



Between scenes of Columbia's "Gallant Journey," Director Wellman talks things over with his co-stars, Janet Blair and Glenn Ford.



Young Marrieds! Listen To Shirley Temple Again Talking

Like any other teen-age bride, Shirley has her problems, too—and works them out by knowing that lasting happiness must always be earned

This is the day after that eighteenth birthday, but for Shirley (used-to-be) Temple it might as well be any day during the fast and pleasant shooting of the very top comedy-romance, "Honeymoon"—that's a movie, folks!

Only one thing's different from any other day. Yesterday Shirley was hostess to 150 friends and pressmen at an on-set birthday party. The young star is a non-drinker (it was a soda pop and hot dog party, anyway) and has no hangover; her only indulgence was to taste the fake cake that a jesting studio press department wished on her. Plaster and sand!

Perhaps the best way to sample this day of Shirley's is to I-spy on what's in her mind. There's the public interest

Photo by Ernest Bachrach, RKO



Author Lupton Wilkinson goes over his interview with Shirley, at RKO Studio.



Shirley's new film is "Honeymoon," a romantic comedy by Vicki Baum. Above, in a scene with Franchot Tone.



Time out on the "Honeymoon" set with Director William Keighley. Below, dreamy scene with Shirley and Guy Madison.



(she knows she'll be asked questions) about her husband, handsome John Agar, who signed a movie contract with her boss, David O. Selznick. And, under her lovely, composed look, Shirley's simmering a little, in her unworriable way, because sports pages have charged that she objects to her brother George becoming a professional wrestler and using his own name.

Someone phones in that a Command Performance has been moved up to seven o'clock *tonight*. It will run for an hour; Shirley will be Mistress of Ceremonies. Transcriptions will be made (the general public doesn't hear this program) for re-broadcast by 400 special-wavelength radio stations serving troops abroad and here-at-home hospitals for wounded veterans. This type of free work, which is merely routine to Shirley (and which she won't thank your reporter for mentioning) is important if you would understand this day on the set. For, as we talk, tonight's fat-looking script, which she hasn't before seen, is delivered. A faint raise of the eyebrows, as Shirley lays the script with seeming casualness on her dressing-room table, is the only clue to the fact that she must be wondering when her visitor will get out (fine chance!) and let her prepare for that extra work toward which her blue, dressing-table clock, electric, doesn't tick—but *does* move.

Then there's the *un*-minor matter of performing, at her best, in today's shooting on "Honeymoon." Throughout our talk, Director Willam Keighley sends for Shirley at intervals, and she steps briskly out to do scenes which she memorized last night. Twinkling, blue-eyed Keighley, who has never directed Hazel-eyes before, is in a happy mood—so's the whole set. After a scene Keighley, pleased and wondering, (*Please turn to page* 82)



By Lupton A. Wilkinson

Shirley's handsome husband, Jack Agar, has a brand new movie contract with Shirley's boss, David O. Selznick, so you'll be seeing him on the screen soon. Read what little Mrs. Agar thinks about a movie career for her man.



IDA LUPINO: soon to be seen in "The Man I Love" and "Escape Me Never"





Producer Mark Hellinger, with Lancaster below, features him in new melodrama for Universal, "The Killers," from Ernest Hemingway's story. Far left, the new find in a scene with Ava Gardner; at left, Virginia Christine, who has an important rôle in the production, believes Burt is already on top of the ladder to stardom. Big fight scene is the thrill of the picture.



There's an old saying among GI's which predicts that your bellowing, overbearing Army sergeant invariably winds up working for you as a meek and chastened character who's a far cry from the dominating bully he once was.

It's not so with ex-sergeant Burt Lancaster! Instead of eating the humble pie of just retribution, when he was discharged from the Army he went right on being a three-striper—civilian variety. He was cast as a sergeant in a Broadway play aptly titled "A Sound of Hunting" and he yelled his lines so forcefully that he made both the cast and the audience as completely miserable as he did the unfortunate rookies who were once under his command.

Lancaster was determined to succeed in his first civilian job and although he exaggerated his irritating effect upon the onlookers, he was such a solid hit that Producer Hal Wallis began negotiations for a motion picture contract between the acts of the play. It was the "Sarge's" busy day. The moment he appeared on the stage, he had stamped out his career for the future. Then of course he (*Please turn to page* 76)

Introducing a dynamic new man, Burt Lancaster

By Paul Marsh

HE'S A KILLER!

THE MEN IN MARILYN MAXWELL'S LIFE

What is there about this willowy blonde that makes the biggest, the most important people invariably extend the helping hand? It's a combination of qualities, but chiefly it's due to the fact that she's such a darned nice girl



By Constance Palmer

MARILYN Maxwell, radio's darling, is a girl men have helped. Sinatra demanded her—against names bigger then——on his first Hollywood broadcast. She was Bing Crosby's guest-star for forty weeks—longer than any other —on his radio program and he asked for her as his leading woman in a Paramount picture. Ted Weems financed her dramatic training because he knew she had talent; Johnny Johnston and Perry Como made song-arrangements for her and taught her all they knew of phrasing and diction. She's Red Skelton's leading woman at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in "The Show-Off" and he won't talk of anyone else.

And why is this? What is there about this tall, slender, blonde girl with the friendly eyes and flashing smile that makes the biggest, the most important invariably extend the helping hand? They could so easily give her the brush-off, you know. Perhaps it's because she tries so hard. Perhaps it's because she's so in earnest, loves her work so much, is so eager to listen to the ones who know more than she. Perhaps it's because she's so beautiful. Perhaps it's a combination of all these—and that she's such a darn nice girl, too.

Away back in the past of seven years ago, Mary Pickford discovered her singing with Amos Ostet's band and wanted to groom her then and there for stardom in pictures. But Marilyn refused, with graceful thanks. She was sure she didn't have any dramatic talent and was afraid the plan would end in a waste of Miss Pickford's money and her own time.

"I was just a kid then," she said, "and I loved singing with the band. It was so much fun! But Miss Pickford told Buddy Rogers, her husband, about me and pretty soon I was with his band. Those were the days when bands were coming into their full strength. Everybody knew everybody else. Sinatra'd been with Harry James and then had gone with Tommy Dorsey. Ted Weems, Buddy and a lot of us thought he ought to be out on his own. We lectured him about it, but he didn't think he had what it took! Can you imagine that?"

But a little later, Sinatra did decide to go it alone. Remembering Marilyn's faith in him and believing in her own great talent, he told his managers he wanted her to sing with him on his first Hollywood broadcast for Lux. "Get a bigger name," he was advised. "Nope—Marilyn or nobody," he countered staunchly.

"And I was afraid to appear with him!" Marilyn laughed. "I was simply terrified that all those (*Please turn to page* 93)





Crosby, Sinatra, Buddy Rogers—they've all helped Marilyn Maxwell. Buddy, above, at Mary Pickford's suggestion, took an interest in furthering her singing career. Her biggest booster was orchestra leader Ted Weems, upper right. Bing guest-starred her in radio. Now Marilyn is co-starring with Red Skelton, right below, in MGM's "The Show Off." Bottom of page, with Skelton and Frankie.







Peter Lawford





Pete's getting more autograph requests than ever since the fans have seen him in "Two Sisters from Boston" and "Cluny Brown."

Irrepressible Pete

You can't suppress the high spirits and sense of humor of the Lawford lad, and who wants to?

By S. R. Mook

Pete meets Pat. Young Lawford clowns with pretty Pat Kirkwood on the set of "No Leave, No Love," Pat's first Hollywood picture in which she appears opposite Van.

AS THE years come and go, and stars rise and fall, this business of interviewing becomes, at times, a little monotonous. Once in a blue moon you run across a new personality with the potency of, say thirty thousand watts of electricity—one who startles you out of your complacency like a bucket of cold water dashed in your face. That is, you do—if you're lucky.

Meet Peter Lawford, if you haven't already. Not since Frank Albertson and Phillips Holmes, two of the greatest potential stars in the business but who, unfortunately, never came to fruition—has there been anything in Hollywood like Peter. His biography has been written and re-written until Hollywood writers and the public at large can probably tell it as well or better than he. But what he is actually like can be put down in cold print about as easily as you could describe a saucer full of mercury. His ebullience is constant and unchanging. I have never seen him that he wasn't bubbling over—never seen him at a loss for a quip.

I happened to have luncheon with him on last April Fool's and he was having a field day. (*Please turn to page* 88)



Vivien Leigh in "Caesar and Cleopatra"







Triumphant screen return of the unforgettable *Scarlett O'Hara* of "Gone with the Wind" fame occurs in the magnificent Gabriel Pascal production of Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Made in England, the lavishly staged picture is superb satire, with Vivien Leigh giving a glowing performance as the siren of the Nile and Claude Rains matching her in artistry as the great Caesar. Stewart Granger, a "find" for femme fans, portrays *Apollodorus* (right, above).

Kodachromes by Wilfrid Newton





Olivier's performance in
title rôle is inspired. His d
tion must also have inspired
other actors, for every mem
of the huge cast plays to h
fection. As the lovely Princ
Katherine, Renee Asherson, w
Mr. Olivier below, sets a ne
standard for historic heroine



While his wife Vivien Leigh is winning new laurels as Cleopatra, Laurence Olivier triumphs as star, director and producer of a great Shakespearean spectacle

Work of Art "Henry V"



"Henry V" is a masterpiece. Pure Shakespeare, it offers a challenge to motion picture audience in its fidelity to a famous play, its highly original and artistic settings, its matchless performances. Stirring scenes of the 1415 Battle of Agincourt, in which King Henry V led some 8,000 Englishmen to victory against French forces which totalled about 30,000 fighters, are among the most exciting ever filmed. Olivier, who produced, directed, starred, proves himself the great man of English stage and screen.

A Two Cities Film released through United Artis

"Claudia" Comes Back

Here she is again, that lovable, utterly enchanting if slightly scatterbrained young American matron. "Claudia and David" is the long-awaited sequel, with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young again co-starring.

Color photo by Clifton Maupin. 20th Century-Fox

"I Love / Hate *Maisie!*" Says *Ann Sothern*



"I'm grateful to her, and
I resent her," confesses the gal
who made Maisie famous

By Gladys Hall

"I LOVE Maisie and I don't love her. I am grateful to her and resentful of her. She gives with one hand and takes away with the other. If she gives more than she takes, well, that's Maisie for you!" So said Miss Ann Sothern of her 'Alter Ego,' Miss Maisie Ravier. And went on to say: "I walk down any street in any town and they say, 'There goes Maisie!' 'Hiya, Maisie!' During a recent trip to New York my husband and I went one night to the fights in Madison Square Garden. From the top of the Garden, where you wouldn't suppose the human eye could spot a dinosaur, came cries and catcalls of, 'Yoo, hoo, Maisie!' 'Hi, there, Maisie!' Now, I was flummoxed and flattered that they could see so far, but I could have found it in my heart to wish that a few of them had seen Ann Sothern! She was sitting there, too. Or was she? I sometimes wonder. And would like, now and again, I must admit, to leave Maisie under wraps. I honestly don't know what I feel for that girl, love or love's opposite. Or, probably, both.

"But before I get all wound up analyzing the relationship between Maisie and me, there is a dramatic behind-the-scenes story, which I have never told before, of how-come Maisie and I met and merged in the first place. You may remember, Gladys, how along around 1937 and '38 I stayed off the screen for almost a year because I was sick and tired of all those silly ingénue things I was doing —'The Party's Over,' 'Melody in Spring,' 'Blonde Date'—and more of the same. Lethal, that's what they were. Also sick of being drowned for four years in all those sea pictures. So I retired and stayed retired until I did 'Trade Winds,' in which I played a drunk, and very glad I was to do it, too, and then the late J. Walter Rubin (Jack, to all his friends), who was producing at MGM, asked me to do this part, Maisie.

"Not until after little Maisie had been previewed and even Leo, the Lion, lay down and made with bleats like a lamb, did Jack tell me by what a hairline margin Maisie and I had missed getting together. 'If you had ever known,' he said, 'what I had to do to get you for the part! They,' (meaning the front office) 'wanted to use one of their contract players for Maisie; did not want an outsider to do it. I fought tooth and nail to get you; fought tooth and nail not to have anyone but you do it. Finally, in desperation they let you have it. But my neck,' Jack said with a reflex shudder, 'was out to *there*.'

"When I asked Jack what had made him think I could do comedy after all the prissy Missys and maudlin mermaids I had been playing, he said that he had seen me in 'Folies Bergere,' which was made in 1935, starred Maurice Chevalier and in which I played a little French tart. 'Anyone who can play farce,' Jack said, 'can play comedy.'

"Green as I was in show-business, then, it was news to me," Annie said laughing, "that I had played farce. I didn't even know what farce *was*. But if what I had done in 'Folies Bergere' made Jack believe in me then I had played farce and let no one tell me different!

"Then little Maisie made her bow. And made history. And shall I say, seven Maisies later, that I have been blessed, or cursed, by Maisie? Well, a little of both—but let's count the blessings first, they matter more: The first thing Maisie did for me or, rather, gave me was my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where, in addition to an annual Maisie, I have also played some different-from-Maisie rôles. And not to seem ungrateful to my girl-friend, the more different-from-Maisie rôles I have, the happier I am. Maisie is fun, but I want to do other things, too. Musicals? Yes, if I can get a story. I like to sing. Dramatic parts? Definitely. Other-than-Maisie character parts, too. I like character parts and don't care whether I play a hag or a houri, so long as I break type. I fight for parts that are different," Annie said making, rather comically, I must say, with a fierce but uncommon soft and shapely little fist, "completely different. I'll fight to the finish to protect Ann Sothern from being forever lost in Maisie. I'd fight to the finish for Maisie, too," Ann added loyally, "if I thought I was going to lose her. But I don't want to be," she explained soberly, "just Maisie."

And fair enough, I thought, for the quiet voice and gentle manner and chic and gold-and-white beauty and diverse talents that is Ann Sothern should not be lost too often to the somewhat less quiet and gentle, shall we say, Miss Maisie Ravier.

"The next thing Maisie did for me," Annie was continuing aimiably, "was convince people that I could do character things. Before Maisie, I'd had a certain amount of recognition, but more or less as a publicity actress, a prop, a foil—one of those that greet the visiting firemen, do cheesecake and, in pictures, play the icing on the (*Continued on page* 86)



"A spot of tea?" suggests Angela Lansbury to Ann Sothern, as Maisie visits around the studio.



The beautiful blonde who admits, in this exclusive interview, that sometimes her characterization of Maisie Ravier cramps her style, is one of the most popular girls at MGM. Above, she chats with Peter Lawford; left, with her husband, Robert Sterling, who has signed a new contract at the same studio. His next picture is "The Secret Heart."

This Englishman of the moment is preparing to transplant his talents to Hollywood

By Hettie Grimstead



MASON MAKES IT

THIS man James Mason is certainly proving the screen sensation of the year. Challenging the critics by the force of his dramatic powers and enchanting his feminine audiences with his rich virile personality, he goes from success to success with amazing speed.

He has just won the gold cup presented to the best actor of the season by a British movie magazine and when the London "Daily Mail" held a nation-wide popu-



Ever since movie audiences met him in "The Seventh Veil" with Ann Todd (left above) Mason has been in demand. At right above, in his forthcoming film, "Fanny By Gaslight," with Phyllis Calvert. Top of page, left, very latest Mason characterization is in "A Place of One's Own," in which he dons the disguise of a gentleman of years; top right, as the gay desperado in "The Wicked Lady."

larity poll, he topped the list by a huge majority. His fan mail increases steadily every day, swollen by hundreds of letters from America now that his films are being shown over here. Women in Canada and Australia and South Africa send him gifts and plead for photographs and whenever he leaves his home, he finds his admirers waiting at the gate to see him in the flesh and get his autograph.

Even his earlier films are being reissued in response to the demand for still more of this irresistible man. He is once again turning his dark passionate eyes towards Carla Lehmann in "Candlelight in Algeria," the spy melodrama inspired by General Mark Clark's landing in Africa and certainly not the best of all the Mason epics. But what does a four-year-old story matter if you can watch this imperious fascinating individual, so utterly ruthless yet so heart-stirring as his bold face suddenly softens to inexpressible gentleness and his voice begins to speak in that tone no woman can withstand?

Two of the British pictures James made in 1945 are lined up too, a period story, 'The Wicked Lady," in which he plays the highwayman lover of Margaret Lockwood, and a modern drama, "They Were Sisters," which gives him a magnificent part as a lustful hard-drinking husband along with Phyllis Calvert and Dulcie Gray. Then there will soon be the film he has just completed in London, now called "Odd Man Out." Here he is teamed again with beautiful blonde Ann Todd of "The Seventh Veil," the man who escapes from jail a few hours before he is due to be executed and begins a vengeful quest through the sordid East End slums and the fashionable night-haunts of Mayfair.

The scenes of the jail escape were made on the authentic spot, under the grim walls of old Pentonville Prison where British criminals lie before they are hung. They were shot at midnight, an hour when the director fondly imagined the streets would be deserted and silent since the fuel shortage now causes London to turn out the lamps at eleven. But when the film crew arrived they found hundreds of teen-agers and scores of older women too lining the sidewalks and jostling with the policemen trying to keep them in order. They had waited there for hours to catch a glimpse of the star and didn't seem disappointed when he appeared in his dusty mud-stained escape clothes, his black hair mussed and his handsome face smothered in dirt.

Then one observant woman shrieked, "Oh, look! He's hurt!" and there was nearly a riot. Hastily the makeup man had to demonstrate that the blood which had begun to trickle down James's cheek was only the thick red paint he had just put on. And by the time that James had satisfactorily accomplished his escape before the cameras, he had to start to escape all over (*Please turn to page* 74)

LOVE STORY

It's a true story, and a sweet story, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer girl than Vivian Blaine

By Alyce Canfield



Four stages in the career of a starlet from top left, the little ingénue of "Jitterbugs," to the poised perfection, right, of Vivian Blaine today, 20th Century-Fox star of "That's for Me."

Vivian and her Manny, just after their marriage, which has proven one of Hollywood's happiest.

WHEN Vivian Blaine and her husband, Manny Frank, attended an important première the other night at the Carthay Circle Theater, fans yelled from the bleachers, "Hi, Vivian!", photographers snapped her from every angle all the way down the red-carpeted foyer, the m.c. called her to the microphone to address the air audience, Hollywood's great greeted her with fond camaraderie, and heads turned as she passed by. Just before she entered the lobby, a battery of news syndicate photographers asked Vivian and Manny to pose together. "Give us a big smile!" stock-phrased the photographers. Manny and Vivian didn't have to be coaxed: they gave, their grins ecstatic.

This was the frosting on the cake—this warm acceptance—and it made up for a lot of things: early snubs and brush-offs, a life (*Please turn to page* 95)



On the set of "Three Little Girls in Blue," George Montgomery cuts some capers for Vivian. At right, with Harry James and Perry Como, Vivian's co-stars in "That's for Me."



tuya

THE PERFUME FOR ALL OCCASIONS



Hedy Lamarr

starring in "THE STRANGE WOMAN"

a Hunt Stromberg Production

released through United Artists

PARA TI CORPORATION...NEW YORK

compounded and bottled in U.S.A.

multicolor by Mitchell Bliss

Saga of The Great Schnozzola, Jimmy Durante, whose heart is bigger than his beezer

FATHER HOLLYWOOD

By Laird A. Wood





CHILDREN could have told you this. Children, for example, from the poorer section of Dublin, Ireland. They jammed the street, one morning, outside a downtown theater, wanting merely a glimpse of the man whom Dublin papers had headlined, "THE GREAT SCHNOZZOLA." Wise eyes — understanding eyes—took in their patchwork clothes, home-made hair-cuts, and faces Mother had been too busy to wash.

A voice, much softer than the raucous one you hear from screen and radio, addressed the theater manager. "These kids look like they got no dough. We'll have to give some matinées for 'em."

The manager explained about expense —lights, ushers, heat.

"Two extra matinées each week," ruled Jimmy Durante. "Kids only. Jam in all the fire department'll let you. I'll pay full admissions for the mob."

Other children could tell you. Those, for instance, whose bicycles stopped traffic outside a huge London theater the morning "Schnozzola" arrived for first rehearsal. Again a manager apologized—this time for the children. "A great inconvenience, Mr. Durante. Sorry your cab couldn't get to the door."

"What's the matter? Ain't children people?"

The manager's smile deprecated. "Well, sir, children of this class couldn't be expected to become—er, paying customers."

Again the voice that can yell "Umbriago!" so loudly grew soft. (A little frost, though, in the blue eyes, for that manager.) "While I play London," said Jimmy, "reserve four hundred seats for each matinée. For kids, who ain't got the dough. I'll buy the tickets."

Jimmy wasn't primarily donating money, though such widely gracious decisions cost him a fortune each year. He was spreading laughter and happiness. His







special brand of sunshine is as valuable to Hollywood children (whose financial problems are looked after by court-approved contracts and by guardians or parents) as it proved to the small Dubliners and Londoners whom his money put on plush seats, for the first time in their lives, to enjoy a show.

Money indeed! When Jimmy plays ball with "Butch" Jenkins—"Just lettin' him teach me the curves," explains Jimmy, "just lettin' him teach me the curves"—Butch doesn't see before him the MGM master comedian who has recently turned down $100,000 apiece for two "outside" pictures, and $85,000 for a mere six weeks' work; whose unique mug adorned (?) the cover of the world's most famous news magazine; who is considering (embarrassedly—he'll probably turn it down) $150,000 for the right to film his hard-way, soft-hearted life. Butch just sees—pitching and catching, batting and chatting—"Pop."

Further in the same vein, when Jimmy and Margaret O'Brien, both gesticulating like puppets on a lively string, stand long minutes in a studio street, what do those zanies talk about? It must be something simple and deep or something foolishly gay—certainly something kindred to hearts and minds that life can't spoil. For when Miss O'Brien made Jimmy a present of a key chain her wisdom (did you ever see such perceptive eyes?) and affection caused her to have engraved on the nameplate, "From Daughter Margaret." And young people a notch older, like June Allyson and Kathryn Grayson, who co-gleam with "Father" Durante in "Two Sisters from Boston," are as devoted as the moppeteers. Not only because Jimmy throws scenes to young players as shamelessly as some actors steal scenes. Nor because he teaches them acting "finish" that would require years to learn by trial and error. Nor because once in a great while he sets them right (but firmly) on attitudes toward their work and life. Deeper than all those forms of help lies The Schnozzle's chief appeal to the young. June Allyson puts it: "Jimmy is like a traveling sun-lamp. Just to be around him makes you feel *good* all day." One is moved at once to ask: "How did this unique person acquire the sunshine he dispenses? How does he keep his unending supply?"

Jimmy's father and mother, immigrants living in the turmoil of New York's East Side, would have made any sacrifice to send their boy further through school than truant officers prodded him. But he was restless; rhythm tugged inside him. At seventeen, skinny and under-sized, he played the piano, through long night hours, in a Coney Island beer-hall-restaurant little better than a dive (Eddie Cantor, who (*Please turn to page* 91)

The beloved Jimmy takes a tour of the MGM lot, cheers up Margaret O'Brien, below, Audrey Totter, right; and, top of page, such stars as the Wilde twins, Lassie, chorus girls, Pat Kirkwood, Buster Keaton. Bottom of facing page, Durante in "Two Sisters from Boston," with Kathryn Grayson.



Through Hell-Dorado

Wild and wooly! Come along on a rootin', tootin' location trip with the King of the Cowboys





Republic Pictures' float in the Helldorado parade at Las Vegas, Nevada, below, shows Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, George "Gabby" Hayes and the Sons of the Pioneers. Other exclusive pictures show the big doin's when Roy and company went on location for new film, "Helldorado."





TWELVE years ago Las Vegas, Nevada, was not the great, gay sprawling resort city of guest ranches, gambling palaces, wedding chapels and divorce courts which it is today. But the townspeople and ranchers were as fun-conscious as the tourists who now swarm there the year round to spend all night playing and all day recovering.

In a desire to preserve the flavor of the old West and keep frontier atmosphere alive, the Las Vegas Elks Club dreamed up an annual frontier days celebration. It is staged between May 23 and 26 and coincides with the date Las Vegas was founded. This Mardi Gras of the West was called Helldorado, in commemoration of the richest gold strike in Nevada history, discovered in nearby El Dorado Canyon, and in anticipation of the kind of time they hoped everyone would have. The celebration, with its Old Timers' Parade, rodeos, pageants, beauty contests, kids' parades, treasure hunts, and general hell-raising has grown into a colossally successful event, attracting thousands of people from all over the country.

In 1945 Hollywood inevitably became a permanent part of the goings-on when Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, and Dale Evans, his leading lady in countless Westerns, were invited to be King and Queen of Helldorado. During the four-day celebration somebody got the idea of making a Rogers picture around this colorful Western event and using the name "Helldorado" for the title of the picture. It sounded like a natural, so Republic got busy whipping up a story, incorporating all the high points of the celebration and even inventing some new stunts which the program committee joyfully added to the already crowded schedule of events for 1946.

From May of (*Please turn to page* 79)







With Roy Rogers

By Lynn Bowers





As the goddess Terpsichore, Rita Hayworth objects to the modern jazzed version of an ancient Greek dance. So "Down to Earth" she goes, with the aid of "Mr. Jordan" (remember him in Columbia's picture of a few years ago?) to show Broadway how it should be done. Marc Platt shares dancing scenes with Rita.

Photo

Coming attractions feature
galaxy of popular stars i







Ann Miller, reversing her decision to retire after her marriage to Reese Milner, wealthy Los Angeles industrialist, appears in "Thrill of Brazil," Columbia's picture with a sprightly Latin-American motif. In these scenes with her are Tito Guizar, popular Mexican singer-guitarist, and chorus in "Custom House" number.





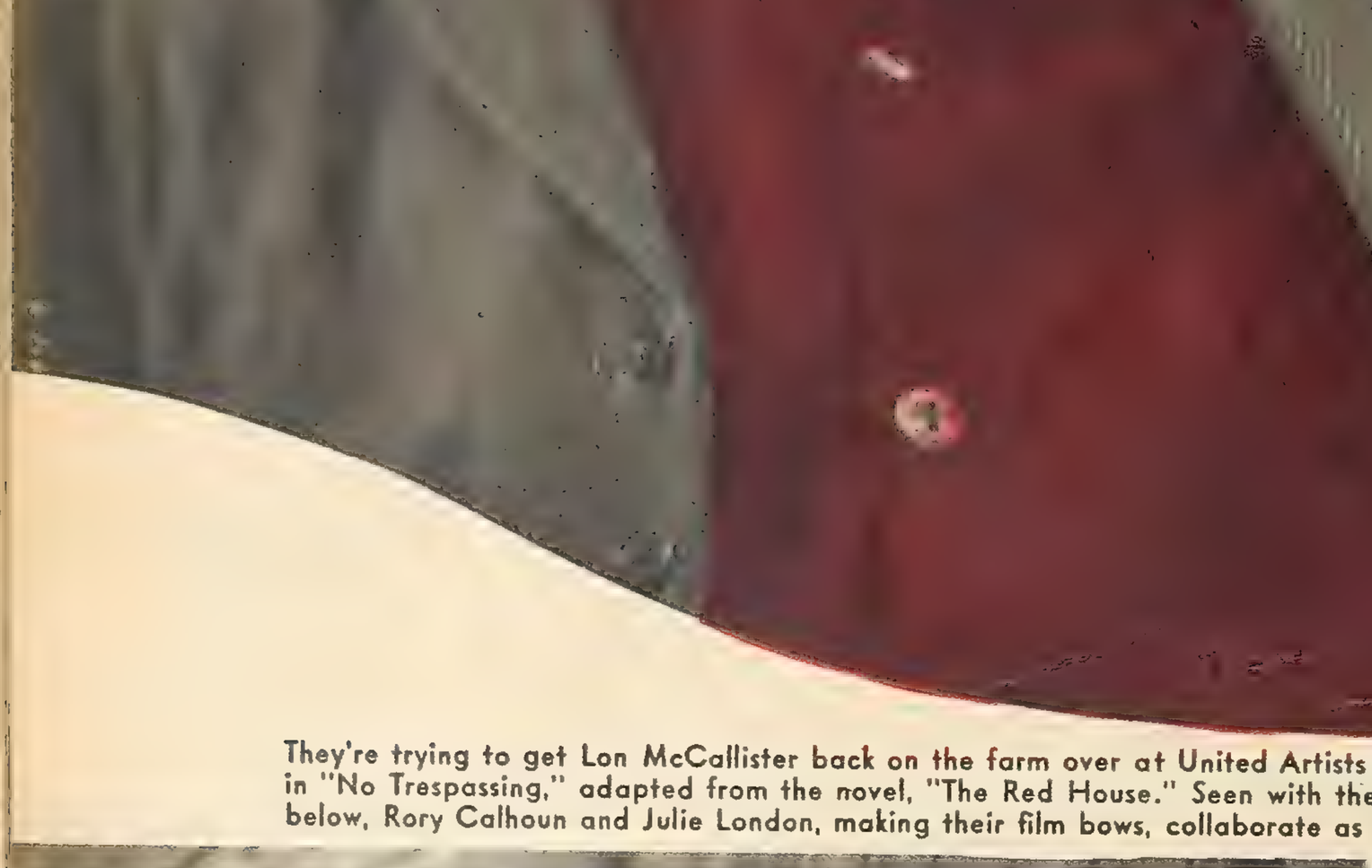
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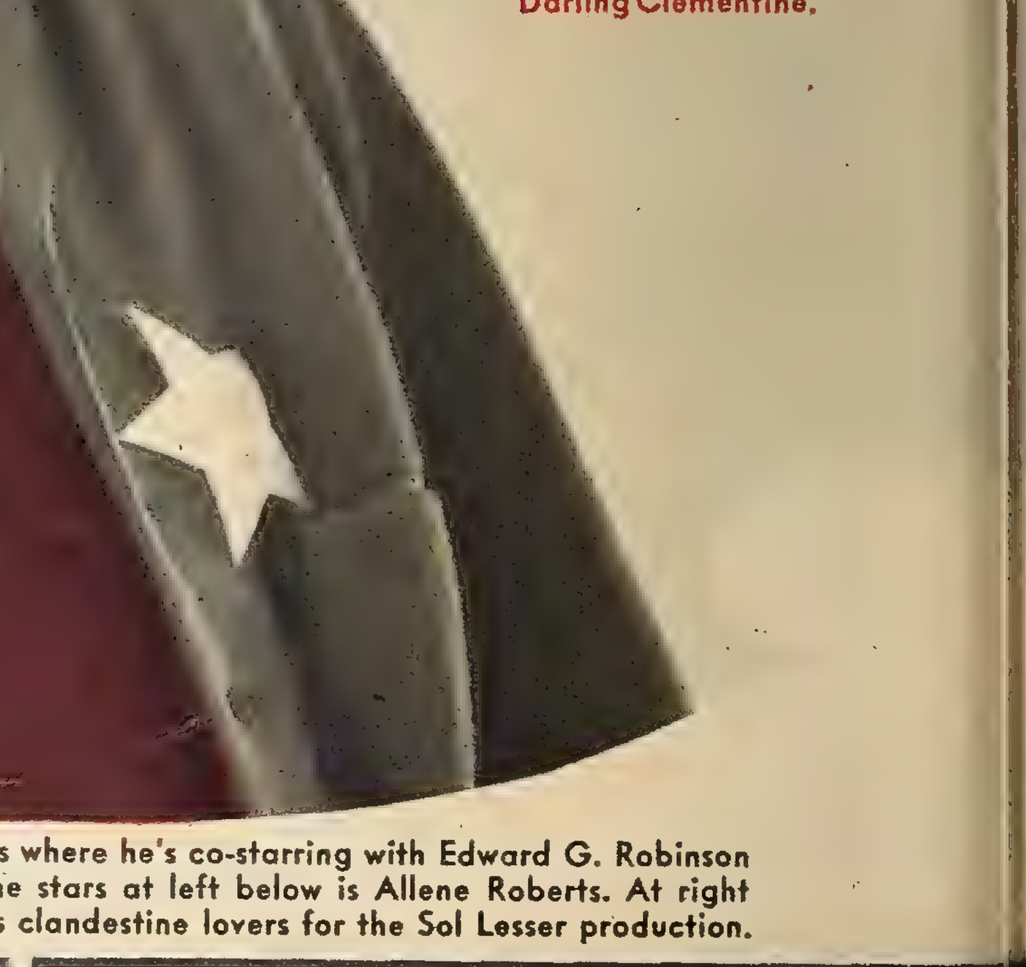
ama, romance, colorful and
neful musical extravaganzas

MORE PHOTO PREVIEWS

Henry Fonda, back from service in the U. S. Navy, plays the steely-eyed marshal in 20th Century-Fox's film, "My Darling Clementine."

They're trying to get Lon McCallister back on the farm over at United Artists where he's co-starring with Edward G. Robinson in "No Trespassing," adapted from the novel, "The Red House." Seen with the stars at left below is Allene Roberts. At right below, Rory Calhoun and Julie London, making their film bows, collaborate as clandestine lovers for the Sol Lesser production.





Above, Linda Darnell and Victor Mature play romantic scene for "My Darling Clementine." At left below, Dan Duryea romancing (at last!) with June Vincent in Universal's "The Black Angel." Eugene List, the pianist at Potsdam, makes his film début in "The Bachelor's Daughters," with Gail Russell, Ann Dvorak, Jane Wyatt, Claire Trevor, Billie Burke, Adolphe Menjou.





Mexican



A new man to watch is Ricardo Montalban, talented Mexican star making his American début in MGM's "Fiesta" with Esther Williams.

Magic

Fiesta time in "Fiesta" records Cyd Charisse and Señor Montalban doing the difficult steps of a rhythmic Mexican dance for the camera.

'TENTION, Teen-Agers!



You junior debs are always making news! Now along comes Jane Powell in these junior fashions designed by the famous Irene for Jane's new rôle in "Holiday in Mexico"

Just for Jane, but inspiring to all teen-agers in this party dress of crisp organdie. Panniers are created with deep hemstitching and partial applique of embroidered leaves that outline the panels. Leaves are used around the neck and cap sleeves in the same sweet manner. You'll see Jane wearing this dress in MGM's "Holiday in Mexico," appearing as Walter Pidgeon's daughter.

Lovely as Jane's own lilting voice which she raises in song in "Holiday in Mexico" is this luscious short evening dress with tunic type waist and a bustle bow held in place with flowers. The mid-calf skirt length is about three inches longer in back. Far right, glamor dress of salmon pink organdie with bands of matching sequins.





Ho-hum, back to school! But it's really going to be fun, when you can count on wearing clothes like these. Irene, celebrated executive designer of MGM Studios, considers the costume at right ideal for teen-agers. Gored skirt of tiny black and white checks topped by a short-sleeved white blouse, emerald wool vest, with black Eton tie and box jacket.





Whisper it, but clothes-sense is just as important as book-learning in the junior deb's bright lexicon. And why not? With this wool crepe dress trimmed with diagonal embroidered bands and bow knots on the waist, softly feminine with its bolero jacket lapels embroidered in the same fashion. Walter Pidgeon can be proud of his (movie) child.





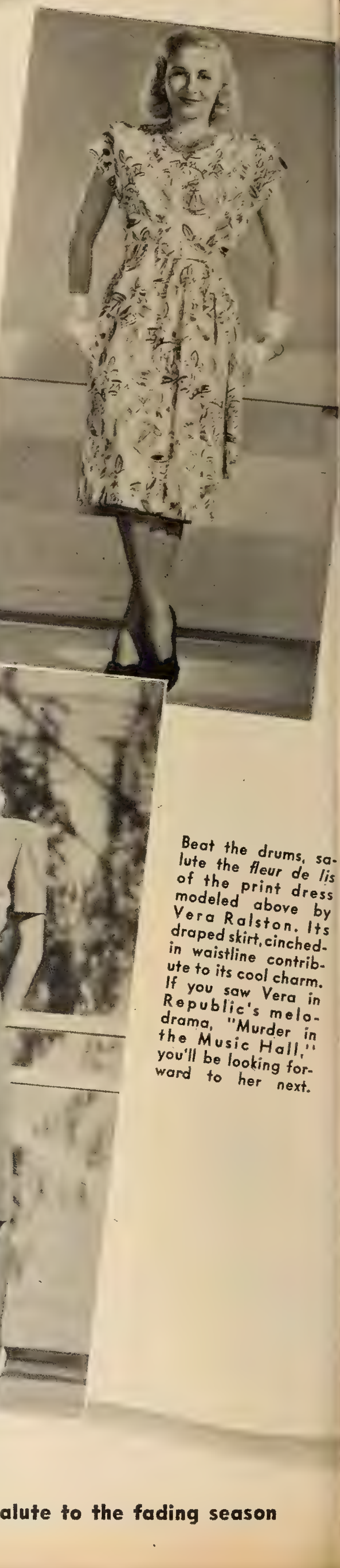
FAREWELL, SUMMER!

The lithe lines of Vera Ralston's figure, trained to perfection by her ice-skating practice, takes to the pretty crepe frock shown below. It's printed in cerise and black. Vera next appears in Republic's "The Plainsman and the Lady"—minus the shining blades, but plus a pleasing, expert acting talent.





For evening Miss Ralston selects the simple black crepe gown above with its shoulder tab of gold embroidery. Note the interesting yoke cut-out treatment. Adroit front fullness adds to graceful lines of skirt. Expressly designed for star by Hattie Carnegie.



Beat the drums, salute the *fleur de lis* of the print dress modeled above by Vera Ralston. Its draped skirt, cinched-in waistline contribute to its cool charm. If you saw Vera in Republic's melodrama, "Murder in the Music Hall," you'll be looking forward to her next.



Hot Pink is the color of the sheer wool spectator sports frock at right, designed especially for Miss Ralston by Hattie Carnegie. The set-in belt tying in front insures perfect fitting. The skirt is slightly flared. Good from now on into the fall, or most any time.

Here's graceful Vera Ralston in a final fashion salute to the fading season

HELLO, FALL!



should be blonde
you should be
and slender, to
ry off the high
dice waistline
own in the suit
ove. It's robin-egg
ue tweed and Miss
wears it superbly.
side to brunettes:
don't fret; you really
could wear it oo,
you know, with equally fetching effect.



Here is another view of the robin-egg blue tweed suit with its unique frog fasteners. This time, Miss Ralston gives it a new look by selecting a picture hat trimmed on the under brim with four rows of gleaming white ric-rac, and a black bag featuring a neat nailhead trim.





Simplicity is the keynote of Vera Ralston's personal wardrobe, by her own special request. Hates frills, do-dads; likes good, simple lines. Above, her basic suit, Carnegie design, of navy blue wool with white pencil stripe blouse and a sleeveless jacket.

Here's the top-coat of the three-piece suit which is one of the pets of Vera's own wardrobe. The coat, belted in the back, is of the timeless variety, with good clean shoulders. The star's accessories include white tailored blouse, white handbag and gloves.

And a gay howdy to the smart, svelte new clothes of those forthcoming fall days



Hollywood photographers invite their cinematic subjects to first annual ball. Joe Ruttenberg with star of his picture, Greer Garson, and Richard Ney.

Judy Garland was there, too, with her director-husband, Vincente Mi nelli, adding to the sparkle of Hollywood greats who attended the ba

WHEN Joan Crawford announced she'd like to have five children, little did she know that it might come true. Joan has two of her own. Until David Niven recovers from the shock of his wife's fatal fall, Joan has taken his two children into her home. All of which makes for a pretty full house but Joan doesn't seem to mind it. When she isn't in front of the camera doing scenes for "The Secret," she's on the phone discussing menus with her cook, formulas with her nurse and groceries with her grocer. David, though inconsolable, couldn't be more appreciative.

HUMPHREY BOGART may be all the world to his baby, (Bacall, that is) but the cinema ladies-in-waiting at Columbia are doing no swooning on his doorstep. When he started shooting on "Dead Reckoning," his loanout deal (following six months' suspension at Warner Bros.) Bogey wanted his missus for his leading lady. Even for what-a-man Bogart this couldn't be arranged. Columbia instead suggested Marguerite Chapman, Evelyn Keyes and Nina Foch. All capable and available. Bogey couldn't see 'em in the part. So they borrowed Lizabeth Scott, which is fine as long as they get their scenes in a reasonable amount of "takes." Bogey is a one-take man himself and doesn't believe in exhausting himself for the camera. Lizabeth still has to learn to be as casual and, at the same time, effective. She couldn't learn from a better teacher.

INGRID BERGMAN hasn't had a moment's peace since they announced she would wear a bathing suit in "Arch of Triumph." Every manufacturer in existence (well, *nearly* every one) wants to design a model especially for the sensational Swede. All they ask in return is a picture of her wearing it — so they can sell a few million on the side! Bergman, smart gal that she is, will only wear the bathing suit on the screen, where there is a *reason* for wearing it. Cheesecake, she says, is out.

IN HIS time, Ray Milland has played every part on the screen. At least, that's what *he* thought until he got the script for "Gold Earrings." In this one, not only does he play a gypsy who wears gold earrings, he plays a gypsy who doesn't wear many clothes. Fortunately for Ray, he spent his three months vacation on his new boat. He's the color of mahogany and never looked better. Marlene Dietrich returns to Hollywood and the movies in this one.

WALTER PLUNKETT, famous costume designer (he did "Gone with the Wind") is now in charge of all period clothes for the MGM stars. Recently Walter did a job on Katharine Hepburn's wardrobe for "Sea of Grass." (Spencer Tracy's in it, too.) Katie was so thrilled with the way Walter made her look, she's commissioned artist Paul Clemens to do her portrait in her favorite "Grass" costume. Walter will get it for a present — though he doesn't know it unless he reads it here.

DIANA LYNN certainly made an excellent career woman's choice, when she fell in love and decided to marry









he Dick Haymes (she's Joanne Dru of "Abie's Irish Rose"), with Maureen O'Hara and Will Price. For side view of Maureen's coiffure see next page.

Shirley Temple, wearing a sophisticated, slinky beaded creation to the black-tie function, with James Stewart during the course of the gala evening

junior executive Henry Willson. Before he joined up with the Selznick Studio, the groom-to-be "sold" actors for a Hollywood agency. Prior to that he conducted a gossip column on the younger set for a fan magazine. All of which will help to guide the lovely Diana along her starlit way. They'll be married right after she finishes her loan-out rôle in "Little Women." By strange coincidence, the picture is being made by Selznick!

WE DIDN'T see it natch!) but when we visited Peggy Cummins on the set of "The Late George Apley" (yes, she's *really* in this one) her wardrobe woman confessed that Peggy wears a four-leaf clover and a rabbit's foot attached to her garter. After what happened to her "Forever Amber" fate, can't say as we blame her.

AT A Hollywood party recently, Alexis Smith liked a suit worn by Mrs. Mark Stevens. Finally she got up courage and asked her where she bought it. "It's a maternity outfit," answered Mrs. S. "It came from the Anticipation shop." If you hear that Alexis is stalking the stork, pay no attention. She bought the suit because she happened to like the lines. Also, it *would* come in handy *if* and *when!*

DENNIS O'KEEFE thinks Hedy Lamarr is a very charming lady. He'd also like to gently strangle her for insisting that he become a bleached blonde for his rôle opposite her in "Dishonored Lady." Hedy thought the contrast in types would be intriguing to the camera. And so it is. In the meantime poor Dennis is really taking a ribbing from his pals, who now refer to him as "Blondy."

FOR ELEANOR POWELL'S birthday, Glenn Ford ordered three boxes of roses. In the first he wrote on the card, "I." In the second the card said, "Love." In the third, "You." The boxes were marked one, two, and three. In her excite-

Katharine Hepburn, on opposite page at far left, with Karl Freund, photographer on her picture, "Undercurrent." Below, three veterans of the war—and of movies, too!—Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond and Clark Gable lend their illustrious presence to meeting of Veterans of Aerial Combat.



Here's Hollywood

Gossip by

Weston East



Dolores Moran and Benedict Bogeaus find dancing a pleasure. Gossips say marriage is on their minds.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maureen O'Hara, with sleek, voguish hair-do, indulge in table talk at photogs' ball. They're co-starring in RKO's Technicolor "Sinbad the Sailor."



They shall have gaiety wherever they go. Errol Flynn and his wife, Nora, effervescing at Hollywood's Trocadero.

ment Eleanor failed to notice. As a result the cards read, "You love I." Convulsed, Eleanor threw her arms around Glenn and exclaimed, "You certainly hate yourself, don't you, dear?"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT drove up in front of "The Secret Heart" set, just as Van Johnson happened to be passing by. As she alighted, Van, who stopped to say hello, noted that she was wearing bobby sox. Claudette caught the expression on his face and burst out laughing. "I'm one gal who wore 'em while you were still a glint in Hollywood's eye," she kidded. Van blushed a pretty pink.

NO ONE but Barbara Stanwyck could get away with the kidding she gives Errol Flynn on the "Cry Wolf" set. Knowing how much he loves his boat, the "Zaca," Barbara refers to Errol as, "The wolf in ship's clothing!"

IN "The Best Years of Our Lives," Teresa Wright was supposed to play the 20-year-old daughter of Myrna Loy. The first time they met, Teresa took one look at the lovely Loy and said, "I wish I could make myself up as a ten-year-old, then it would be more believable." As it was, they've compromised and made her 18. Fredric March plays Teresa's daddy.



Mickey "Uncle Andy Hardy" Rooney points out points of interest to his wife, Betty Jane.



Nightclub treat: Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett take daughter Diana to Mocambo for a glimpse of filmland's frivolities. Diana's a big girl now and certainly looks like her mother.



Bert Friedlob and wife, Eleanor Parker, whose portrayal of *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" you'll be talking about.



Romance? David Rose and June Haver. Below, Jack Carson, recently separated from his wife, with Janet Paige.

IF YOU want to make a hit with Nancy Guild, don't pronounce her last name incorrectly. The new charmer, who makes an impressive début in "Somewhere in the Night," pronounces it so it rhymes with Cornel Wilde's last name. There the resemblance stops!

MARTHA VICKERS, star of five unreleased pictures at Warner Bros., is really in a spot. Her fan club insists that she start dating Van Johnson. She can't exactly call him up and ask if she can take him dancing! So what is a poor gal to do? Personal to Van: We've paved the way, how's about it?

WITH a luncheon and fanfare becoming her position, featured player Anne Jeffreys became an RKO star. She gets top billing along with Pat O'Brien in "Riffraff" and thereby hangs a tale. The first bit she ever played was in a picture that starred Mrs. O'Brien's son. Now she's sharing honors with him. Pat sent her roses at the luncheon. Anne the sentimentalist sprinkled them with tears.

COLUMBIA is frantically searching for a tootsie with taps. Ann Miller, who married Reese Milner the early part of this year, is expecting the stork. The studio can't sue a girl for *that*, so they've got to replace her in their musicals. Girl or boy, Linda Darnell is already scheduled to play the rôle of godmother.

SOMETIME next year, "Mourning Becomes Electra" will reach the screen. The deal is so close to being signed, sealed and delivered to RKO, we can just about promise that you'll be seeing Katharine Cornell in her first movie. Heaven only knows how long she's been flirting with the idea. Up 'till now she couldn't be persuaded.

REMEMBER that handsome, rugged individual who was blackmailed by "Mildred Pierce's" daughter in you know what picture? His name is John Compton. He's a Tennessee farm boy whose manly charms have caught their fancy out Republic Studios way. John is being launched as a young western star. He was practically born in a saddle. He used to trap mink for a living before he came to Hollywood. So far he isn't working on any gal's fur coat. Heart-whole and fancy-free, that is!

GORDON JONES of "My Sister Eileen" and "Male Animal" fame returned from a four-year stretch in India, as a Lieutenant-Colonel. In less time than it takes to tell he was cast to play opposite Ann Rutherford in Danny Kaye's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." The first day of shooting Ann confided that her nurse had quit, she had an important date and no one to sit with the baby. Gordon volunteered for the job and what's more, he showed up. "If only my boys could see me now," he grinned, as he whipped up a formula.

RED SKELTON insists that the one and only person to star in "Young Man with a Horn" is Jimmy Durante. He asked us to say it. With apologies to Cass Daley, we said it and we're gla-ad!

WITH less publicity than almost any star we know, the gal who really makes with the dates is one Evelyn Keyes. She *really* is popular with the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood. Right now it's Bob Stack, recently out of the service and even handsomer than before, if such a thing is possible. Both blondes, both bronzed by the sun, both dancing cheek to cheek at Mocambo, what a sight for sightseers' eyes! Everyone just stopped and stared.

THE PRESS agent who printed the loss of Greer Garson's Siamese cat did her no favor. The MGM mail room had to call on the humane society to pick up the various kinds and colors of kitties the Garson fans sent to their favorite star.



SCREENLAND Salutes

Guy Madison in "Till The End Of Time"

If you caught the charm of Guy's unassuming manner in his first brief screen appearance, you can't help but be impressed by his first starring performance. Mark his name down in your little black book of movie favorites



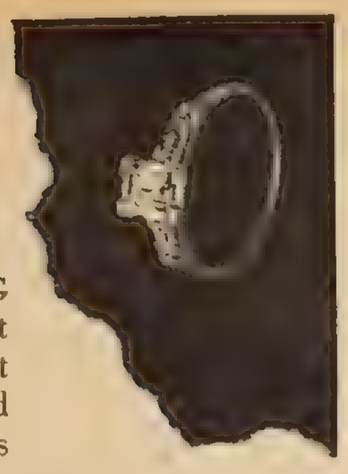




Dorothy McGuire plays his guiding light in the scene above and talks the ex-Marine into giving his first civilian job another try—and therein lies the thesis of RKO's film. At right, Guy, trying on one of his old suits in the homecoming sequence, sees the humorous aspect of the situation —even as you and I.



At left, Guy lends a helping hand to a buddy who wears a silver plated head, not meant for the batting around he gets from illegal veterans' social clubs designed to defraud ex-servicemen. Robert Mitchum stands out in his fine delineation of this easy-going Texan whose gambling dispels his life's dream of buying a cattle ranch.



HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes

Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.



She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

The New "Blush-Cleansing" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too

____an instant sweet-clean look

____an instant softer, smoother feel

____and bring up a rose-blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!

Sandy Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"



Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at $20,000.

Among the Beautiful Women of Society Who Use Pond's

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III — MISS EDITH KINGDON GOULD

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY — MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

MISS ANNE MORGAN — VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN





Brilliant Hollywood executive Helen Ferguson, former silent screen star and Jeanette's chum, tosses splendiferous shindig for songbird; greets Louis B. Mayer, Lorena Danker, Mary Brian, Antonio Moreno. Having fun, above, are Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, and Robert Stack, at Helen's party given in honor of Jeanette's last evening in Hollywood. Next morn, Jeanette was on her merry way to London.





Guest of honor, left, with Lew Ayres and Bob Stack. Above, Johnny Mack Brown, Gene Raymond, Mrs. Taylor. Right, Bob and Babs share a story.



Smooth Sailing, Jeanette!

For loyal MacDonald fans: your favorite singing star is given bon voyage party on eve of departure for concert tour of England



Gene Raymond will be busy making movie comeback after war service while Mrs. R. is off on her singing tour of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.



MRS. RANDOLPH SCOTT—
delightful wife of the dashing screen star!

"Bewitching!"

says Mrs. Randolph Scott

"That's why TANGEE RED-RED gets 'top billing' here in Hollywood!"

In fabulous Hollywood—where beauty is a fine art—Tangee Red-Red made innumerable conquests. After that, the rest of the world was easy. Today, Tangee Red-Red ranks as the most popular lipstick shade on earth . . . the richest, rarest red of them all!

NOW! *Metal Cases*
Tangee lipsticks with exclusive Satin-Finish now available in gleaming, delicately etched metal cases. They're lovely!

CAKE MAKE-UP CAN BE PERFECT!

We know cake make-up can be perfect—because we've made one that's one hundred percent right! Its name is Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up, and it's ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—makes a perfect powder base—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does *not* make you look as if you were wearing a mask.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of the world famous Tangee Red-Red Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.



Use Tangee . . .

and see how beautiful you can be



How Are the Glenn Fords Doing?

Continued from page 29

ment of his return. Glenn, who hadn't seen Eleanor for six months, went straight like a homing pigeon to the house where Eleanor was living with her folks. On his finger he was wearing the ring on which was engraved the word "Mizpah" referring to the Biblical lines in Genesis: "Mispah, for he said The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." And the Lord had watched. He had kept Eleanor safe, kept her love flaming high; he had watched over young Glenn too.

Still in uniform, he embraced his beautiful young wife. It had been six months since his last furlough. And though he'd had her letters and read them over and over again to himself, he was hungry for the sight of her, the sound of her voice, the tinkle of her laughter. But when I asked him what Ellie was wearing that day, he said, "I don't know. The way I felt, she could have had on an old gunnysack, and she would have looked wonderful."

I had to laugh at that. In some ways men are so much alike. So many women have spent hours primping for the return of their servicemen—they have gone out and bought the most luscious looking dresses, but do the men we love ever notice them? "Eleanor probably spent hours primping for you, and you didn't notice a thing," I said reproachfully.

"She doesn't have to primp for even a minute. She's so beautiful." It was Glenn's turn to sound reproachful.

But the happiness of that ecstatic reunion was shattered by the fact that for four long months Eleanor and Glenn couldn't find an apartment. She lived with her folks; Glenn stayed with his family. Fortunately, Glenn's folks did a lot of traveling (maybe on purpose, knowing how much Glenn and Eleanor would like being together) and so the housing shortage didn't keep them completely apart from one another during those trying months. Actually, there wasn't room for an additional person with either of the in-laws, but when Glenn's folks traveled, their home was his, to do as he pleased.

The trying four months finally came to an end when Eleanor discovered an apartment. And then things began to happen fast for both of them. Glenn got one of the choicest rôles of the year opposite Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life." And in February 1945 came the happiest moment of Glenn's life. He became a father. They named the boy Peter Newton Ford.

Reverend Ray Moore, who married Glenn and Eleanor, christened the baby at the Little Chapel of the First Methodist Church in Santa Monica. Before the ceremony, Glenn painstakingly took charge of another very important ceremony—pinning up his pin-up boy for the occasion.

Since then Glenn has made "Gilda," in which he startled moviegoers with his unique interpretation of a love-hate relationship with Rita Hayworth, and he is now playing the lead in "Gallant Journey." He's also bought a house, the one selected by Eleanor after a long search. And Peter has grown into a comparatively big boy for his tender years. He's one year and three months old as this is written. If it weren't for his picture career, Glenn would have a hard time tearing himself away from Eleanor and the baby. As it is, he spends all day Sunday and between pictures with Eleanor and Peter. When he's with them, that special shining light comes into his eyes, as though candles had been lit behind them. Peter exclaims with glee when he catches sight of "dada." He knows he's going to have special fun that day.

Out of his crib Glenn lifts Peter, then holding him gently by one hand, he tries to teach him to walk. Peter has reached the age where half the time he wants to walk, and the other half he must crawl happily around on hands and knees, convinced that it's the fastest mode of locomotion in the world. While Glenn and Eleanor are getting ready for their Sunday outing with Peter, he crawls happily around the house, picking up everything he sees and bringing it to Glenn, as if each begrimed object were the gift of the Magi.

"No," says Glenn, shaking his head, as he rejects the latest proffered object. "No, don't bring anything to daddy."

Peter looks a little puzzled at this lack of appreciation, and waddles off again, to return with some new object, which should be resting on a kitchen shelf but which he thinks might amuse Glenn as much as it does himself. Peter, Eleanor and Glenn are bound for the Columbia ranch, where there are little ponies on which Peter is learning to ride. Some Sundays they go instead to the amusement park in Beverly Hills, where Peter, responding to the music of the merry-go-round, is learning how to ride a different kind of pony.

You may have read rumors saying that Eleanor is going back to pictures or planning a trip to South America, to dance at the Copacabana. She's had plenty of offers.

"Hardly a week passes without a new offer for Eleanor," Glenn told me proudly. "The Copacabana in Rio offered her a fabulous amount to dance there." (Writer's note: $10,000 a week, the grapevine reports.) "For a while Eleanor seriously considered the offer. We planned to go to Rio together. But Eleanor didn't want to leave Peter in Hollywood, even if we could get the finest kind of nurse, while we traipsed off to South America. On the other hand, she didn't feel that it was fair to Peter to take him on such a strenuous trip. Perhaps when Peter is older, we'll go together on a trip to South America, but Eleanor won't consider it right now, feeling as she does that Peter needs her constant attention.

"Actually, Eleanor had a nurse for Peter for only twelve weeks. Then she decided she wanted to take care of the

baby herself, and ever since then she's been devoting her time completely to being a wife and mother. She works from early in the morning to late at night. I feel that Ellie has worked almost too hard, and I want her to have a nurse to help her with Peter. Perhaps I can talk her into hiring a nurse again, and maybe we'll be lucky enough to find just the right woman for the job."

However, Glenn hasn't tried to influence Eleanor either way on the question of resuming her career. "I want her to do whatever she wants to do. If I were to advise her to go back to her career, she might do it, thinking that's what I want, and it might not be what she wants. On the other hand, if I advised her not to resume her career, I might be advising her against doing what she really wants to do. So I'm going to let Eleanor make the decision. I think she misses her career, but she never says so."

Actually Eleanor's life is so full that even if she feels an occasional pang about her career, most of the time she is so busy running her household and taking care of Peter that all other thoughts must be brushed aside. To help in running their home, the Fords have a laundress and Agnes, a Scotch cook whose concoctions are out of this world. She knows that Glenn has a weakness for clam chowder, vegetables, roast beef and lemon chiffon pie—and she does a wonderful job preparing these dishes. "I'm always proud to have people to dinner," Glenn says, obviously meaning it. "Why, even Harry Cohn ate at my house one evening, and never stopped raving about Agnes' Swedish meat balls and cheese blintzes."

On Thursdays and Sundays, Eleanor turns cook. Her specialties are Boston baked beans, steaks, French fried potatoes and fried onions, salads, and delicious cakes. "Occasionally," laughs Glenn, "I try to get into the kitchen, but I'm generally shoved out. I like to imagine that I'm a pretty good cook, but Eleanor and Agnes are so super, I don't think I really impress them when I try to cook. But Eleanor is very tolerant of my attempts. She is tolerant of all kinds of things. When I'm late for dinner, she's tolerant about that. And when I lay my pipes all around the house and they smell up the place, she smiles and bears it. In the evenings, she puts them all on the front porch, so I know where to find them the next morning.

"Eleanor is the soul of neatness herself. Although I'm fastidious about my person and my clothes, I never remember to hang things up. Eleanor is always picking up after me."

In spite of this tolerance on Eleanor's part, Glenn and Eleanor, being human, do have minor quarrels. Actually in spite of some tastes in common, they are two completely different types of people, drawn together by the alchemy of love. Eleanor makes friends very easily. Glenn would like to but doesn't. He has a certain shell of reserve about him, and is a little cautious about picking friends. You get the feeling that perhaps at some time in his life someone whom he trusted betrayed that trust, and left him on his guard forever afterwards. Eleanor

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ *Try it anyway*
- ☐ *Say your feet hurt*
- ☐ *'Fess up frankly*

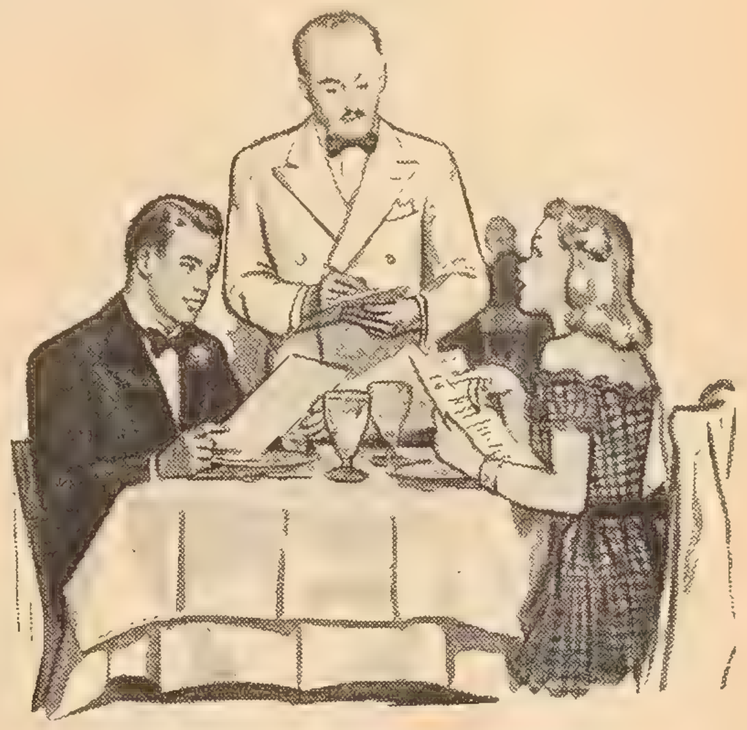
Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ *Take the cake*
- ☐ *Apply lemon juice*
- ☐ *Wear a dotted veil*

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ *To the waiter*
- ☐ *To your escort*
- ☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*



*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

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GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. *Your* hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Successful for 45 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 3282, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**



is peppy, gay and vivacious. Glenn is a lot quieter.

In some respects, Glenn is rather self-conscious. He's miserably self-conscious about his dancing, for instance. "I'm not such a hot dancer," he says. "I just stumble around." So when he and Eleanor go out sometimes, and Eleanor looks as if she'd like to get up and dance, Glenn just sits down and stubbornly sits it out. "If I get up to dance," he explains, "people think we're going to put on an exhibition. They have an idea that being Eleanor's husband, I must be a terrific dancer. Instead I look like a young Abe Lincoln type, stumbling awkwardly around."

Things were a bit different when he was in uniform. Then when he was on furlough, he could get up to dance with Eleanor, blissfully conscious of the fact that his uniform made him look like any other Marine, so that no one would whisper, "Gosh, that's Eleanor's husband. Isn't he a terrible dancer?"

But now that he's out of the anonymity of his Marine uniform, he rarely dares to dance with Eleanor. He does like to watch people jitterbug. Sometimes he and Eleanor go to the Palladium together, and watch the gay young "alligators" cutting the rugs. He listens fascinated to their swing talk.

"You're my upbeat, Alice."

"You're mine, too. I'm glad you're no square. You certainly can groove it, gate."

And then when the lights turn blue and low and he's sure that no one can spot Ellie and him, Glenn opens his arms to her, and in the anonymous darkness of the Palladium at those moments when the lights are low, they glide away to the music. And forgotten for the moment are all the misery and self-consciousness of worrying about silly things like whether the gates will think he's a fit dancing partner for the one and only Eleanor Powell.

Their worst quarrels come when Glenn and Eleanor each try to persuade the other to rest. "You're working too hard," Glenn insists grimly. "You've just got to get a nurse and take it easy, Ellie."

"Oh, sure, I'm working too hard. And what about you? Look at the way you've been wearing yourself out working six days a week, and studying your lines every spare moment you get. Glenn, you've just got to rest."

"Eleanor, I'm strong and healthy and can take it. For pete's sake, you're a woman. You ought to save your energy. Why don't you rest?"

Things get into a hubbub then, and stay that way for quite a while. For neither Eleanor nor Glenn really knows the meaning of the word "rest." All her life, till she got married, Eleanor worked like a Trojan, perfecting her dancing steps. During her early days as a trouper, she never learned to play. Then she was tied down by her work. Now it's by her devotion to Peter.

Glenn and Eleanor spend most of their evenings at home. For diversion, they have an enormous collection of records—thousands of them. Glenn has a specially designed phonograph combination with several speakers, each one controlling a different tone. Thus the music wafted through the room is perfectly conveyed, by the speaker which controls it.

Glenn and Eleanor also like to read. Glenn's favorite book is Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Both of them have read and liked such books as "Earth and High Heaven" and "Arch of Triumph." On the whole Glenn prefers non-fiction, however; Eleanor prefers fiction.

Besides reading and music, pipes are another hobby of Glenn's. He not only likes to smoke them; he also collects rare and unusual pipes.

Glenn believes that marriage has changed him a lot—for the better, he hopes. "I was a spoiled youngster who never considered anyone but myself. I had no brothers or sisters. When I



Edgar Bergen, NBC star, poses for a family portrait with Charlie (of course!), new baby, Candice, and his lovely wife, the former Frances Westerman. Wonder if Charlie will have to share that weakly allowance he's always complaining about!

wanted to go anywhere, I didn't have to consult anyone or consider anything but my own preferences. Marriage teaches you tolerance and understanding. It's like this coin." Glenn dug a fifty cent piece out of his pocket. He held the coin in his right hand, one side turned toward himself, the other toward me. "Just as this coin has two sides, so has every question. You see heads; I see tails. Each of us sees just one side. But the two sides are there all the time. Trying to see the side of the coin which is farthest away from you—well, that, I figure, is marriage."

It's typical of Glenn that the rôles he likes best are not the spectacular ones like the rôle in "Gilda." Instead he prefers the kind of simple everyday, human fellows he has played in pictures like "A Stolen Life," "So Ends Our Night" and "Gallant Journey."

In one of his favorite pictures, "So Ends Our Night," which Glenn made several years ago, the theme song is a German folksong meaning, "I have a comrade." That theme song is also the theme song of his personal life. Eleanor is his personal comrade and friend, as well as his beloved. But Glenn is no person to wear his heart on his sleeve. Writers who've gone to see Glenn in the hope of getting a sentimental story from him about Eleanor and himself have gone away discouraged. Not that he isn't sentimental about Eleanor. No two people could be more sentimental than these two, each wearing a ring with the inscription, "Mizpah." No two people could be more sentimental than these two, who selected Dr. Ray Moore to marry them because they didn't want to be married by a stranger; and who honeymooned in San Francisco because Ellie had stayed at the St. Francis when she was making personal appearances there, had grown to know and love the people there. Who could be more sentimental than these two, who after several years of marriage, call each other "sweetheart"? But their sentimentality is not for the world. It's for their private hours in a home on a hilltop, where Peter is trying to walk his first steps, and "mama" and "dada" are helping him.

The music that sings itself through Glenn Ford's heart and life is like the music in that old picture he liked so well, the music that means, "I have a comrade." They will be tender, loving comrades, like Darby and Joan, when their hair is gray and Peter is grown up. And probably at that time they'll still be arguing about the importance of resting.

"Eleanor," Glenn will say to his eighty-year-old wife, "I don't think that you ought to do any dancing today. You ought to remember that we're not as spry as we used to be."

"But I want to show our granddaughter the way we did jitterbug stuff back in 1946. Remember, Glenn?"

"Uh, huh, I remember," he'll say, moaning a little. "Boy, was I lousy! Ellie, what a sap I was to sit th ;e dances out just because people would think I didn't dance well enough. Sure, I was no great shakes as a dancer. But whenever you're in my arms, Ellie, now or then, it's always like heaven."



Do your dirtiest housework . . . and still have hands "soft as sleep"—

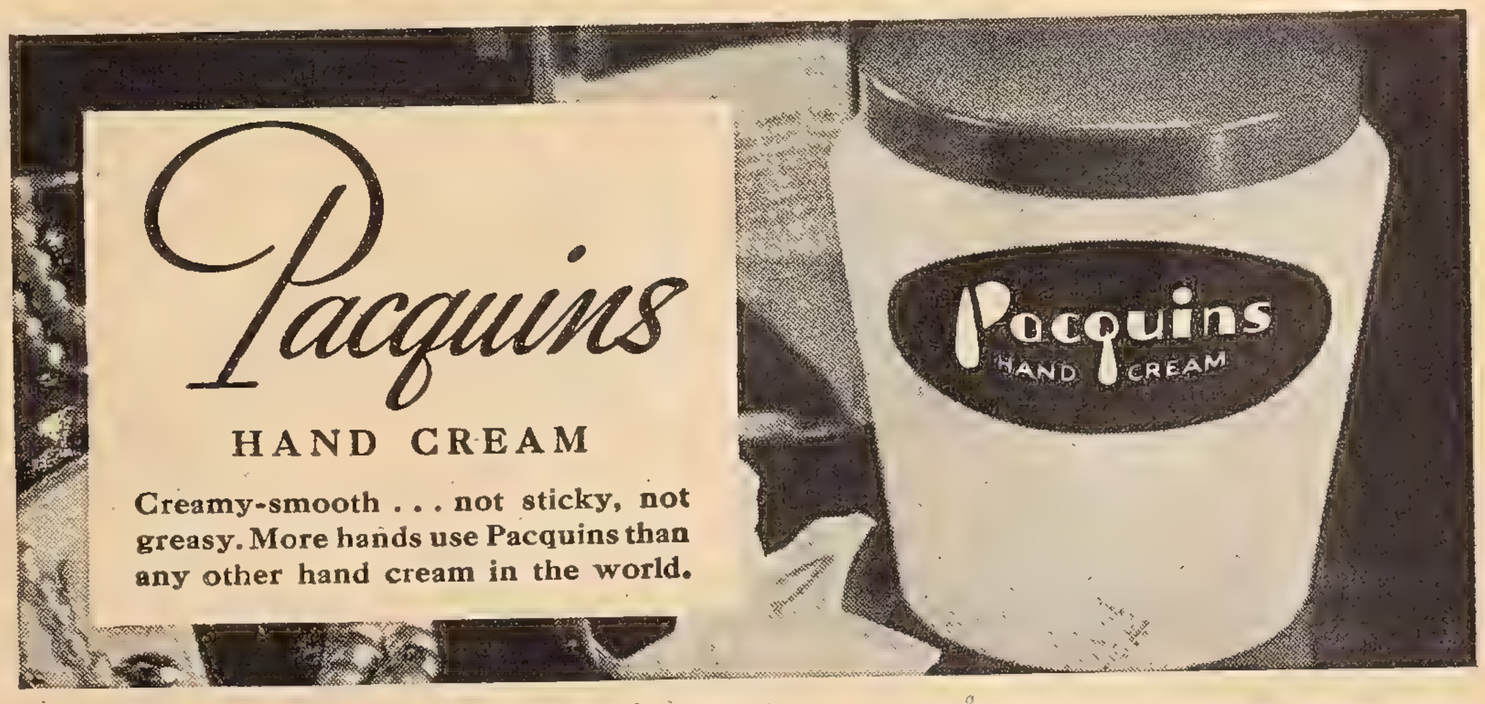
Scrub and scour till your home is shining bright . . . but help keep your hands happy with rich-as-cream Pacquins Hand Cream! Shoos away redness, dryness. Makes hands feel comfy as a kitten on a cushion!



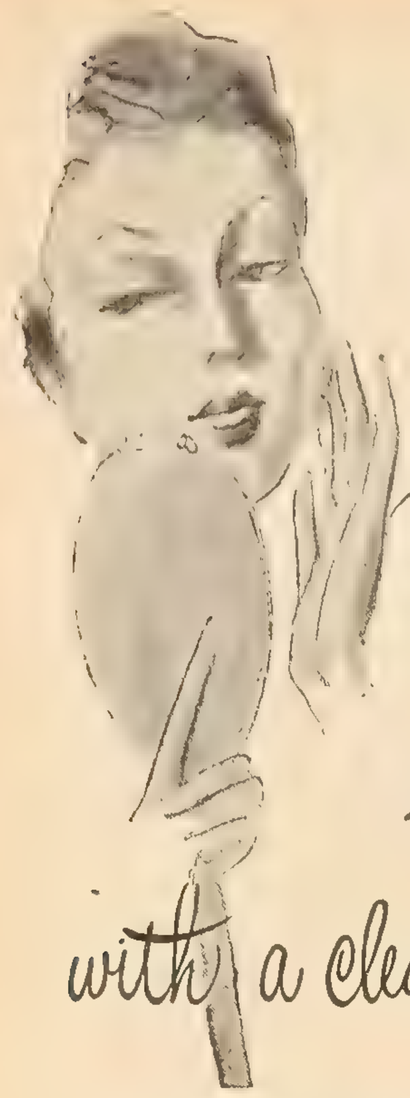


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Roistering radio rehearsal: A showman wherever he goes, Jimmy Durante gives his all to his appreciative (?!) audience, Margaret O'Brien, Frances Gifford, and Jose Iturbi.

Mason Makes It

Continued from page 45

again in real earnest, fleeing from the excited crowd that stormed his car and nearly overturned it.

This made the newspaper headlines in London next morning, for the sedate British women don't usually behave like that. Leading psychologists promptly evolved a theory about it. They decided that James Mason typifies exactly the male ideal which women consider desirable these post-war days. They explained reaction had now set in after all the starkness of international struggle, that women now felt the need for tenderness and sympathy along with masculine confidence and determination. Instead of being wooed hastily and almost brutally, they wanted elegance and courtesy and a measure of consideration. Mason suggests all this and so he appeals overwhelmingly.

Maybe they're right, though James has a good many admirers of his own sex too, for there's no denying the polish of his acting and the brilliant way he uses every little gesture and all the varied inflections of his vibrant voice.

No good asking the star himself what he thinks of the idea. He would certainly shrug his shoulders in that characteristic manner and answer calmly, "Why bother to analyze it? I'm good so they like me. Naturally." Just as when somebody recently enquired if he enjoyed going to the movies, he told them, "I'm rather interested to see myself and study the audience's reaction but the rest of the picture always bores me completely." That's probably why James will never attend his own premières, preferring to relax at home on these glamorous social occasions and just walk into the theater some other morning when the desire to study the effects of his own work suddenly moves him to action.

At the moment he is preparing to make his début in Hollywood and receiving imploring letters from his British feminine fans who don't want him to put so many thousand miles between them. He has sold his big green and white Italian-style mansion near the Denham Studios, with its white fur rugs and its antique gilt furniture that would even have made them blink in California. He plans to design and build himself an American home according to his own ideas. It will undoubtedly be a spacious and sensationally "different" house, with one room devoted to the eight pedigree cats without whom James flatly refused to consider crossing the ocean.

He likes to lean back in a deep chair with his fingers caressing the soft fur of one of his pets as he talks. Lady White, a snowy long-haired Persian is his favorite but he has two clever Siamese as well and a gray alley cat whom he found on the studio lot and adopted because he decided it had an arresting individuality. Pamela Mason, who has just finished writing another controversial novel, accepted it as serenely as she takes everything about this amazing husband of hers. Tall, slim, cultured and cosmopolitan, she's the perfect complement to his dynamic temperament and James both adores and appreciates her.

He designs all her hats and most of her clothes, making clever little sketches she can take along to be copied. He loves to draw wickedly satirical caricatures of the people he knows too, especially if their opinions have openly clashed with his, for it must be confessed that James's frank outspoken personality makes him enemies as well as friends, though the people who do really know him are always his warmest admirers.

At the request of a famous West End

dress shop, James recently did a special series of drawings of the British screen stars and these were printed in color in a gay "James Mason Scarf." Of course the fans have bought them by the thousands and they are being exported all over the world as fast as the factory can turn them out.

There is a set in the Mason baggage, for Pamela wears one regularly for sports because she knows James likes her to. To please him she has given up her own promising screen career and concentrates on writing instead. Whatever he does seems to be completely perfect in her eyes, though she's by no means the blindly doting wife without a thought of her own. Pamela can talk well on half a dozen subjects, a clever intelligent woman who is still utterly in love.

There isn't a single doubt in his mind as he sets out to travel west. He isn't worrying in the least what Hollywood will think of him. He is only concerned with what he is likely to think of Hollywood and judging by his keen enthusiasm for the American way of life and his many friendships with Americans serving in the ETO, he will probably decide to stay and settle down.

Not that it's going to be a placid changeover. Nothing James does works out simply and peacefully and ordinarily. It's as though his own strong individuality automatically attracts the dramatic in everything else. He'll certainly speak out in Hollywood if he thinks the occasion needs it and he won't ever be persuaded to do something or go somewhere just because he should. He'll make his own choice and his own social circle and he'll praise or criticise or frankly blame without a second thought.

He'll say what he wants to do on the screen—he always does. "Surely I must be the best judge of what is good for me and what I can do," he answers, and he won't brook any argument. Nothing will induce him to attempt a rôle that doesn't appeal. When Joe Seidelman, executive chief of Universal, went to see Mason in London he took along some of the best current screen stories and merely talked parts to James without ever mentioning finances or contract terms. A wise and understanding man who should be successful in the handling of this most unusual star.

They're whispering that James especially wants to do "The Foxes of Harrow," a story of the States' Civil War that's had great success in novel form. He'll insist on approving the finished scenario first, though, and he'll want to meet the director and see whether he finds him congenial before they begin. But whatever he does, it's safe to say it will be an outstanding performance in the grand Mason manner, the colorful technique of the man and the high Californian craftsmanship combining to make another exciting picture for all his admiring fans.

Editor's Note: As we go to press James Mason has personally told interviewer Hettie Grimstead that his Hollywood trip will be in the late fall when he has finished "Odd Man Out" and "The Upturned Glass." Mr. Mason further says he will do one picture in America only to see if he likes Hollywood before deciding future plans.

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He's a Killer!

Continued from page 33

couldn't have known that within a year he was destined to become one of the brightest new stars over a planet-glittered Hollywood. It was in the cards, but they were just being shuffled at that point.

In accepted Hollywood fashion agents from seven other major studios bustled backstage with impressive offers, but Producer Wallis had jumped the gun and Lancaster was signed to ride in his chariot to fame. For the ex-sergeant the sound of hunting was blending into the first strains of the song of success.

Now he is completing his first picture assignment in a rôle which is considered one of the year's acting plums. He's in Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers" with Ava Gardner, and the film is being produced by famed writer-craftsman Mark Hellinger. It is creating no little stir in movieland.

Built like a boxer with shoulders and waist that are a tailor's delight, Lancaster carries his 185 pounds on a well proportioned 6'2" frame. He is a close-cut blond with blue eyes and ample fighter's hands. When his thirty-third birthday comes up on the second day of November, he will be firmly established as a star in Hollywood. He is handsome in a rugged Viking way. Even though he gives the impression of brute force, he is shy at first meeting, warming up only after he has become better acquainted with the people and with the situation in which he finds himself. After that the "regular joe" in him asserts itself.

His acting is characterized with a tense sincerity, much like a smouldering bomb which might explode at any moment. When you see him, you know he's not the sort of chap who can be pushed around. You know too that he can raise a lot of fuss at the drop of a hat, and yet that you can trust him.

Samples of his love-making in test scenes had hardened women reporters screaming for more. He builds slowly, from a low simmer to an awesome boiling point, and there's no stopping him. He'll be a favorite of any girl over twenty, and wagers have it that bobby-soxers too will go for his brand of romancing.

He's a cinch to ring the bell at his first try for recognition on the silver screen. Warm comments and continuous praises from those in the know on the set of "The Killers" indicate that keen-eyed Hal Wallis has scored again. "Put your money on Lancaster," say the wise ones. "He's a winner."

This rise to stardom in one picture is no surprise to Lancaster, who has seen plenty of ups and downs in his brief years. In the interim between his early youth and his arrival in Hollywood, he has been a circus player, WPA actor, vaudevillian, singing waiter, salesman, fireman, laborer, and promotion man.

Born in New York City, he attended public schools and entered New York University at the age of 16. Two years later he was tired of the academic routine and ran off to join a circus at pay which barely kept him in cigarette money. He stuck with life under the big top for five years, and then tried the WPA Theater Project. When the WPA Theater folded, he moved over into vaudeville which he caught in its last dying gasps. Between vaudeville dates, he made stopovers at fairs, carnivals, night clubs and hotels, with even a stint or two as a master of ceremonies. This last venture, however, he dropped at mutual consent. For a time he solved his eating problem by taking on a stretch as a singing waiter in a tavern, but soon the jingle of coins took him back to the circus where he taxed his manly muscles daily in a series of spine-cracking acrobatic performances.

As 1940 rolled around, Lancaster came to the conclusion that footlights and greasepaint were slim on the final pay-off, so he gave up his dream of theatrical fame for a job as a salesman with Marshall Field's department store in Chicago. In three weeks he began to set records as a super-salesman.

Life as a salesman is preferable to many another existence, but to Lancaster it was too confining. In rapid succession he became a fireman, then a temperature control man in a Chicago meat packing plant, and finally wound up on the Illinois Department of Highways as a day laborer. He bade farewell to Illinois when he received a call for a job in the promotion department of the Columbia Community Concerts back in his native city of New York. He barely had time to become accustomed to his white-collar status when, in August of 1942, he donned the khaki of the Army.

Army classification experts pegged the erstwhile promotion man for the Special Service division because of his varied experiences in show business. Lancaster served as director and actor for soldier shows with the Fifth Army in Italy, and in all he spent 26 months overseas in this activity.

"We made our own portable stages and ransacked Italian opera houses for props and scenery," he recalled. "Our 3-act musical 'Stars and Gripes' received commendations from Generals Clark and Truscott as the finest morale-builder in any theater of the ETO."

In September, 1945, Lancaster was demobilized and while he was on his 45-day furlough before discharge, he took an elevator ride which was to set the pattern for things to come for him. He went to visit a friend at the Hotel Royalton in New York, and in the elevator he noticed that he was being closely scrutinized by a stranger. Hardly had Lancaster greeted his friend when the telephone rang and the friend answered. After a short exchange of words, the friend said to Lancaster, "Would you like to read for a part in a Broadway play?"

Still in uniform, Lancaster thought the whole thing was a gag, but when he learned that the stranger in the elevator was a Broadway producer who

wanted him for the lead in Harry Brown's "A Sound of Hunting," it took him about two minutes to make up his mind. He read for the part, won the rôle, and not long thereafter made his first Broadway appearance. Coincidentally he was discharged from the Army. Every so often he had to pinch himself to be sure he wasn't in a dream.

After the close of the play he came to Hollywood, was tested and signed to play in "Desert Town" for Hal Wallis, but even then Mark Hellinger had him in mind for his independent production of Hemingway's "The Killers."

Hellinger wanted a specific type for the part of *Swede,* the key rôle in the story, and he wouldn't be satisfied until he had found the exact guy. That guy was Lancaster, who won the part in competition to scores of established Hollywood actors in a very tricky scene which called for the very best in acting. Hellinger took one look at Lancaster's test scene and exploded in enthusiasm. 'He's terrific!" Hellinger said. "He's the *Swede* I've been looking for." In short order he had the unknown signed to a deal.

To know Burt Lancaster personally is simply to sit and listen after you have started him on some select item of conversation. When the ball starts rolling, you sit back and enjoy his observations on everything from his childhood in New York to the future of this post-war world as he sees it.

He's reliable if he believes in the thing he is doing, but he admits that his sense of values changes from day to day. He hasn't been in Hollywood long enough to let it sway his opinions and he is constantly impressed at the vast amount of preliminaries and details that are required for topnotch picture-making.

He confesses to a bad temper which he thinks he picked up in the numerous neighborhood "kid" battles in which he participated. He lost his belligerent nature when he became a basketball star at NYU, and there he developed a sense of social-mindedness which today makes him a champion of underdogs and doomed causes.

"I got into plenty of trouble in the Army because of this attitude," he said. "I was always sticking up for the little fellows, and fighting their battles for them."

He is a member of the American Veterans' Committee, an organization which is noted for its progressiveness and its ability to serve the cause of returned servicemen. On his same chapter roll are such names as Burgess Meredith, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Will Rogers, Jr., and Gene Markey.

He is stubborn to an extreme when angered, yet a few moments later he takes himself contritely to a corner and gives himself a good mental talking-to. At times he is absent-minded to a point where he is considered rude, but he is sensitive to such shortcomings both in himself and in others.

"I'm strong-willed when I should be lenient and weak-willed when I should be strong," he observed. "But then you'll have to agree that I have plenty of company in this particular fault."

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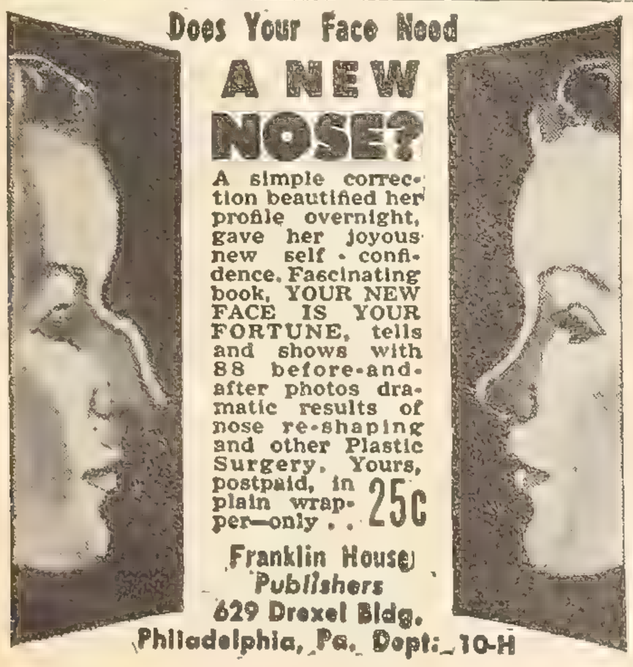
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Still single, Lancaster hopes to get married as soon as it seems that he's permanently settled in his career. "You can say that I'm not hunting, but that I'm willing," he chuckled.

His current heart interest wavers among three of Hollywood's lovelies. He likes to take Lizabeth Scott or Yvonne DeCarlo dancing, and his favorite picnic or swimming partner is Ella Raines. He enjoys evenings at the Mocambo or Billingsley's but when he's really hungry, he prowls through side streets to find little hidden-away Italian restaurants.

On the screen Bugs Bunny intrigues him, and on the distaff side he doffs his hat to Ethel Barrymore. On the stage he prefers Helen Hayes and Sam Levene. Of Levene he says, "I think he's one of the greatest comedians acting today."

His clothes are conservative and well cut and he is not one to dote on endless selections. If it weren't for studio opinion, he'd just as soon run around in a pair of slacks and a tired sweatshirt.

As a result of all the physical exertion that was required of him as an acrobat and later on in the Army, now he does everything in his power to avoid exercise of any kind. Said he, "I'm not lazy, but I don't see the point anymore!"

When he first saw himself on the screen, his comment ran, "I didn't recognize my voice, and my hair looked like a bird's nest going all over the place. My hair's short and wiry, and won't stay in place. I remember that as a youngster I always had trouble with it. I was in a play at a settlement house in our neighborhood, and the director said that my hair stood up so that I always looked as though I had suddenly been frightened."

Incidentally the name of the play was "Three Pills in a Bottle" and Nazimova and Richard Boleslavsky saw it. "They encouraged me to stay in acting but I ran out of the theater because I was afraid the kids in our block would call me a sissy."

The ideal of his youth was his older brother who was captain of NYU's famed 1934 basketball team which won the national championship by defeating Notre Dame. Inspired by such heroic athetic prowess, Lancaster himself eventually followed in his brother's footsteps.

Not too fond of smoky nightclubs, he limits his social activities of this nature to weekends. He is an eager phonograph record collector, and he goes about his hobby in a serious manner, hunting for recordings of the same tunes by different singers and orchestras. Sinatra and the King Cole Trio are two of his top choices, and he admits that he has been known to listen to Mozart. He hasn't much time for either social activity or lengthy record sessions because when he isn't emoting before the cameras, he's being photographed, interviewed, and doing radio shots. He is going up the swift and sure way, under the guidance of capable hands.

Recently he was met by a group of Army buddies who were touring the studios, and a gabfest of shop talk followed. One topic led to another until finally Lancaster's career came up for discussion.

"How are you doin', Burt?" one of them asked.

"Say, Ava Gardner's really terrific!" Lancaster enthused. "Wait until you see her!"

We agree. And we add, "So is that Lancaster chap. Once you see him, you'll beg for more!"



How to hang a picture: Cornel Wilde says it should be higher. His wife says lower.



But there always comes, perhaps minutes, perhaps hours later, that meeting of minds.

Through Hell-Dorado with Roy Rogers

Continued from page 50

last year to May, 1946, the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce and Republic Studios made with the arrangements to film the fracas. The townspeople, always at fever pitch over the yearly affair, reached a climactic state of excitement when they learned they'd be a part of a Roy Rogers picture.

The Rogers unit was in the midst of making another Western, "Home in Oklahoma," which by strange coincidence was being shot in—Oklahoma, when Helldorado time rolled around. They left Oklahoma flat and pushed westward for what turned out to be one of the most hectic locations in the history of the hectic motion picture industry.

Came the first big day, Thursday, which had been prefaced Wednesday night by an elegantly exclusive barbecue at the swanky Last Frontier Hotel. By eight a.m. Thursday, when ordinarily a cannon could be shot down Fremont Street without hitting a soul, the main part of town was jammed. Bewiskered local gents, who grow sideburns and beards for Helldorado, mingled with women and children, all dressed in colorfully embroidered frontier clothes of all shapes and sizes. Tourists mingled with the natives to watch camera crews set up overhead platforms to film the long shots of the parade. They stared curiously at microphone booms, reflectors, and all the cumbersome equipment needed to film a motion picture. The universal question was "When will we see Roy and Trigger?"

At that moment Roy and Dale Evans were in a room at the Last Frontier rehearsing the picture's theme song, "The Helldorado," to a playback record, blithely disregarding the fact that on almost every door along the corridor there were "do not disturb" signs to remind any early birds that last night had been a big one and the occupants had heads in proportion. But this was no time to humor the customers. Roy and Dale were up before anybody else had gone to bed, getting into makeup and costume, getting their lines and songs letter-perfect.

There weren't going to be any retakes on this picture. When the parade started everything was supposed to be perfect—dialogue, songs, action. A two-mile long parade can't stop and back up even for a motion picture. As a matter of fact, considerable rearranging had to be done for the convenience of the picture. Until this year the historic parade always started at six o'clock in the evening from the Union Pacific Railway station and ended at Helldorado Village, a permanent structure designed like an early day stockade, where Las Vegas does its Helldorado-raising at night. This year, because of lighting, the parade was shoved up to three o'clock and the line of march reversed.

The anxious crowds were more or less patient and orderly while they waited for the excitement to commence. They had a long wait. If they had known that before the parade stuff could be shot

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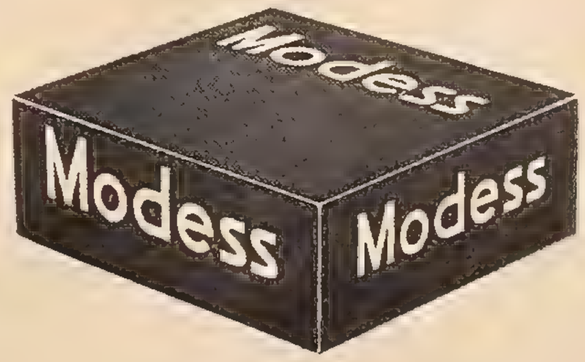
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Roy, Dale, "Gabby" Hayes, and the Sons of the Pioneers were out at El Rancho Vegas shooting another scene, they wouldn't have been so patient. Luckily, not many people got wise and the company made their shots at El Rancho in comparatively quiet confusion.

The onlookers were rewarded at eleven o'clock when the company moved to Second and Fremont Streets for some preliminary shots of Roy and Dale on horseback, Gabby in a horse-drawn carriage, and the Sons of the Pioneers playing and singing on a large float while concealed cameras in a covered wagon filmed the action.

At two-thirty loudspeakers began explaining to the crowds that a picture was being shot, as if they didn't know, and warning them not to run out in the street or make any noise when the movie company approached. Producer Eddie White, director Frank McDonald, and the crew waited with their jitters showing and hoped for the impossible—a perfect take. They didn't get it.

The parade started, with Trigger doing his smartest dancing, stepping, and bowing. The sun, which had been playing hide and seek all day, coyly slid behind a cloud—and stayed until the parade was over. The crew almost wept but went right on shooting in flat light. They had to. Then came the spot where the parade halted for dialogue between Roy, Dale, and Gabby. Everything was fine until a camera motor failed. By one chance in a million there was another camera motor in the truck, left there by mistake. The sweatin crew changed motors and tragedy was averted.

As shooting was resumed a little boy ran out, autograph book extended, tugged at Roy's boot and in a piping voice yelled, "Kin I have yer autograph, Roy, huh?" A quick-thinking policeman grabbed him by the seat of his pants and yanked him out of camera range. To end on a happy note, the cameras ran out of film and they didn't get the end of the parade.

After the nightmare was over, Roy and Dale were rushed to El Cortez Hotel for a personal appearance, rushed back to the Last Frontier to change clothes, and rushed to a large dinner party there. When real night life was beginning, they were rushed to their rooms to rush through a little sleep before the next day's five o'clock call.

On Friday the Treasure Hunt, starting at El Rancho Vegas, was filmed until noon—in a bad dust storm, with two hundred local mounted riders who were extras in the picture, kicking up a little dust themselves. At noon Dale left by chartered plane for the Jimmy Durante broadcast in Hollywood. Roy worked until four o'clock, tore madly into town for the Duffy's Tavern broadcast which Ed Gardner was doing specially in Las Vegas. Then Roy made a personal appearance after the Children's Parade. did a repeat of the Duffy's show, appeared at a Western Airlines party, finally had dinner, and fell into bed. Dale flew back that night in time to fall into bed for her five o'clock call the next morning.

The location Saturday was at Boulder Dam, which sounds like fun. But the scene to be shot was filmed back of the dam where there's nothing but rocks, dust, and heat. The cameras and crews were hauled up on either side of the road by ropes and the men perched there precariously all morning, dodging rocks rolling down from above. They waited for the sun to come out. And waited. And waited. Meanwhile there was the heat and no way to get out of it. There was no room for a tent or shelter of any kind.



Dale was trying to get some rest in the back seat of a car when the brakes gave way and she started rolling toward the brink of the canyon. A member of the crew grabbed the brake just in time to save the heroine. It was Western stuff at its most realistic.

It reminded Dale of last year when as Queen of Helldorado she was standing under a balcony at Helldorado Village which collapsed from the weight of the people on it. She and the crowd were saved by a bank of slot machines under the balcony which broke the fall. It's the only time in history when the slot machines really paid off. The same day Dale was riding in a serpentine parade at the rodeo grounds when a wild mustang broke out of the pens and headed right for her. Dale managed to turn her horse out of the line just as the mustang galloped through the gap.

The one time the cast and crew were able to relax was Saturday night at Roy's ranch. Roy has just bought 600 acres outside Las Vegas which he intends to turn into a dude ranch. At present it has three small houses, an artesian well which pumps a million gallons of water every day, and a huge swimming pool which is fed by a warm mineral spring.

The place is Roy's pride and joy. The former owners, who have stayed on to manage the ranch, whipped up an outdoor barbecue of chicken, spare ribs, ham, prime ribs and all the fixin's. Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers gave out with some impromptu entertainment. The combination of the good food, the balmy night, and a swim in the pool made up for all the hard work and heartbreaks of the three days' shooting. Roy, an excellent swimmer and diver, who looks as good in swimming trunks

as in cowboy regalia, found it tough going even when he was having fun. Lined up on the diving board with the Pioneers for a gag still shot showing them pushing him in the pool, he took a bad spill, skinned his forehead and wrenched both shoulders. Oh, for the easy life of a movie cowboy!

The next morning, Sunday, when most folks kinda figure to take it easy, Roy and Dale were up with the chickens again. This time it was to shoot the rodeo sequences and perform in the rodeo. To add to Roy's discomfort from the diving fiasco he stepped in a hole when dismounting from Trigger and turned his ankle, which promptly puffed up like an angry adder. But there wasn't time to pamper it.

The Bathing Beauty Parade started immediately after the rodeo and the entire Rogers company were again on parade. Then they had to pick up the end of the Old Timers' Parade which was re-staged because they'd run out of film on Thursday.

The weather remained consistent throughout the entire four days—all bad. It was the only part of the picture that showed any temperament. The entire cast and crew have dispositions of angels and nerves of iron. They have to, to go through an ordeal like this without having the tizzies and the vapors.

Technically Roy and Dale were through working when the last scene of the picture was shot Sunday evening around five. But there was still light enough to take them and Trigger out to Roy's ranch for more stills, with wardrobe changes.

Roy has fifty cowboy outfits, many of which are duplicated several times because of wear and tear. He has some thirty pairs of boots in different color combinations, all with the Thunderbird design. Each cowboy suit costs between $150 and $250. Stetsons are his biggest problem. The life of these hats is short and very few are being made now.

Dale designs all her own costumes. Even her evening dresses have a cowgirl motif—a sequin cowboy scarf on the shoulder of a black dress, a black satin formal gown slit from hem to knee and trimmed with a jewelled belt and holster.

They both change costume with jet-propelled speed and since they normally work an abnormal average of fourteen to sixteen hours per day they have learned to be unfailingly patient and good-humored, sandwiching fun with work.

Two very tired characters came back to the Last Frontier from Roy's ranch that Sunday night. The hotel was festive, many of the guests were dressed in costumes of the Gay Nineties for a big party. Roy limped by, looking wistfully at the gay crowd, on his way to bed. Dale, not limping but equally wistful, hauled her tired self up the stairs to her room.

Helldorado is over for another year. All's fairly quiet on the Western frontier. The boys have shaved their whiskers. Everyone has put away his best and most heavily embroidered frontier outfits. Yep, Roy and Dale shore have been through Hell-dorado.

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

Young Marrieds! Listen to Shirley Temple Agar Talking

Continued from page 31

murmurs softly: "One-take Temple."

"Agar," corrects Shirley, smiling. She is *Mrs. Agar*, all day, every day, and today an Agar problem is particularly on her mind. Last night she and John agreed excitedly on the decorations for the "converted" house into which they will soon move. With no priorities available for building or re-building, decoration becomes doubly important! I'm all set to ask details about that, when Shirley's eyes, questioning, seek the door. It's the assistant director, who announces, "Location tomorrow—Lucky Baldwin ranch." That's fifty miles from home and means Shirley will rise at 4:30 instead of the usual 6:00.

A worried-looking publicity man has also come to the door. Overhearing the assistant director, he looks worried-er.

"Much dialogue tomorrow?" asks the P. M.

"Pages of it," responds the A. D.

The publicity man inquires of Shirley, who will have to memorize that dialogue tonight (after the Command Performance), besides facing early rising and a day of outdoor shooting: "What do you think about that interview we'd set for tomorrow? Maybe I'd better postpone it."

"Well," says Shirley, with that cheerful Temple—Agar!—upbeat in her voice, "if the man wants to bother to come way out there, bring him along."

The Assistant Director, who has had one ear turned outward from the door, cuts in: "Bill wants you." (Bill is Director Keighley, of whom no one seems greatly in awe—it's truly a "happy" shooting company.)

Shirley, leaving one of those ineffable smiles hanging in the dressing-room air, steps out, almost directly onto the vast, shining, ivory-tinted Mexican-hotel-lobby set. After one low-toned instruction from Keighley, she crosses into camera-range. The girl in the movie here, registers puzzlement, thinks hard—has *problems*. Watching Shirley, you know that, miraculously, from the moment she crosses that line, the *only* problems occupying her are those of "Honeymoon's" heroine!

Shirley comes back (this girl sits down, gets up, walks, with more grace than anyone your reporter's ever seen), and relaxes into being Mrs. Agar.

"All the world wants to know," I inquire, "just *how come* your husband's in the movies. What do you think of it? And he? What considerations did you two talk about, when you mulled the idea through?"

"You mean," laughed Shirley, "*how come?* The thing we talked most about," she went on, "was that having an option contract—a try-out—and being 'in the movies' are two quite different things. Jack knows he has to work hard, learn from scratch. He knows it's still a gamble as to how much talent he has for this particular line of work. The only thing *I* could have worried about would have been how much it would worry *him* if the final answer should be, 'This isn't the right spot.' What might it do to him?" And Shirley's heart had quickly answered that one. "He has too much *character*," she put it proudly, "for any disappointment, if one should come, ever to make him discouraged."

"How badly did you *want* Jack to be in the movies," I asked, "and why did he decide *he* wanted it?"

Shirley said, "One answer covers all that. Our courtship, and the early part of our married life, were long distance, because Jack was in the Army. Now we're both going to be at work. If we work for the same employer—part of the time, we hope, at the same studio—we'll have more chance for companionship. At least we'll be closer together!"

It sounds simple, the way Shirley states it. Actually, like most planned courses in life, the scheme will develop complications. For example, Shirley and Jack had hoped he could accompany her when the "Honeymoon" company went, for several weeks location work, to Mexico City. At the time this article was written, that might or might not work out—depending on how intensively and fast the Selznick people chose to train Jack.

Concerning that situation, Shirley observed, "Well, he'd have gone to work at some *other* job that seemed to offer a future and as soon as the employer wanted him." (Jack considered seriously an offer in the mechanical end of television. He applied at several studios—he has a flare for writing—for work in publicity or advertising. There he ran into a situation that any ex-serviceman will understand. The studios had so many former employes, in those lines, coming back from the services, that they weren't taking, at the moment, anyone new.)

Months ago Henry Willson, a general executive for Selznick, had suggested a screen test. Willson repeated the offer. Shirley and Jack talked it all through, in the light of the general job situation, and of their personal lives, then went ahead.

"Tell me, Shirley," the writer asked, with no particular expression, "did *you* think Jack's test was good?"

Print can't convey the glow on Shirley's face or the tone of her, "Yes!"

So, readers, you can do your own guessing on how this brave venture will turn out. Jack is entering, with all to learn, a profession where his wife is already experienced and a high-lighted success. Their mutual assets include youth, confidence, affection. Your reporter's guess is, maybe they'll put to shame couples who use "career trouble" as an alibi where often basic selfishness is at fault. Here's Shirley's opinion, as the so-likable pair take this important step: "It seems to me two people can enjoy a *happier* marriage if they have common, everyday interests to discuss together." Jack says, "I'm not even an actor yet—I'm not talking," but it's obvious that he shares wholeheartedly Shirley's desire for a life in every possible way mutual.

Meanwhile Director Keighley insisted on borrowing Shirley again (silly, wasn't it, with RKO only putting $1,000,000 or so into "Honeymoon"?), and when she returned I asked: "What's this the papers have been saying about your attitude toward George taking up wrestling and using the family name?"

Mrs. Agar's eyes seemed to say, "You've known me since I was seven and *then* ask that?", but she answered with her usual directness: "Almost every man coming out of the armed services has two problems about work—one, to get something at which he can make a living and the other, if he's very lucky, something he *likes*. In each case it's *his* problem, not somebody else's."

Shirley, as we talked, pointed out that George has a wife to support and that her other brother, Jack, who has a young son, had "scratched around," when he got out of the service, before he found a good job. "And George," she added, "had always enjoyed what he and I call 'the strong-arm stuff.' He learned judo and wrestling in the Pacific. He was lucky to learn something that would get him a quick job—and he knows he'll have to learn *more* to make good at professional wrestling." She gave a low chuckle: "He's teaching me judo—it's swell!"

"What about using the family name?"

Shirley's answer was firm, and instant: "It belongs to George as much as to any of the rest of us."

The publicity stunt of building up an air of "conflict"—a custom particularly overplayed in sports promotion—had bred the articles saying Shirley, as a "great star," was looking down her nose at her brother's wrestling career. Actually—all three Temple children are devoted—Shirley and Jack Agar have been among the "fans" several times when George (on tour as this was written) wrestled in Los Angeles.

The thought of Shirley developing a "great star" complex is a laugh to all who know her. It was Shirley herself who, at 11, made the decision to leave the screen and learn what everyday school life was like. She then placed "forming friendships my own age, that will last" above a stardom of world rank. She, too, later decided to come back to the screen. Her great trait as a child was a natural gift for thinking right, putting the first things first—and she still has it. Husband, brothers, mother, father, friends—these are the *first* considerations with Shirley; they'll stay that way.

Millions of affectionate friends of this 105 pounds of choice American femininity may be wondering just *how* great a star Shirley may prove to be, in her new career-phase. Look at her then, through the eyes of William Keighley, the "Honeymoon" director, who never worked with the "old" Shirley, only with the "new."

You know much of this tall, brainy, blue-eyed man through pictures he's directed: "Robin Hood," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "The Bride Came C. O. D.," "The Fighting 69th," "The Prince and the Pauper"—and many others. He volunteered quickly in the recent war, though well above service age, and became head of the Army Air Force's marvelous photographic arm. One device credited in large part to him was a briefing motion picture film whereby pilots, before starting from Saipan, could see a radar map of every bit of land and water they'd cross, in Japan, and then "see" it all again, by radar, as they flew above it, checking their exact location at every moment, though 20,000 feet up in pitch-black midnight. That saved many an American pilot's life and brought to Japan's major military production areas a war-shortening, accurate destruction. ("Bill" experienced fire over Germany and directed or edited some of the finest training and morale films, including "Target for Tonight." He holds the coveted Order of Merit.)

"When the war was over," Keighley says, "I wondered for awhile whether I'd ever direct again. My mental slump was terrific. I would read a script, a good one, in the *whodunit* field, and ask myself, 'What's the punch in chasing *one* murderer?'"

Day and night problems of real life and death had given the famous director a species of shell-shock against ordinary "plots." After reading nearly one hundred screen stories offered him (every important studio wanted him back in harness) he was handed the light, smart Vicki Baum original which has become "Honeymoon." Suddenly he felt that the world now needed laughter and romance as importantly as the United Nations had needed victory. In his mind's eye

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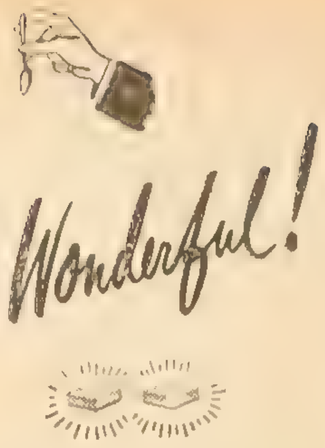
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(he'd been reading about her grown-up charm) he saw the Shirley whose childhood pictures—yes, he's a fan—he had enjoyed.

Whether the picture, "Honeymoon," with its laughter and romance, is the "medicine" the world needs, its audiences will decide, but one thing's sure: it has been great medicine for war-returned Keighley.

Most movie people believe, with the same intensity that stage people hold certain superstitions, that the first scene on the first day of any filming is "jinxed"; it's bound to go wrong again and again, and have to be shot over and over.

An acute production-stage shortage in Hollywood caused Keighley to use certain set-space *when he could get it*, which was at the beginning. The scene was complicated, involving the four principals: Shirley, Guy Madison, Franchot Tone, Lina Romay. Seventeen pages of dialogue . . . shades of meaning . . . lots of moving about.

Just before starting to shoot, Keighley apologized for beginning with such an intricate, key sequence.

"It *is* a difficult scene," one of the cast said, nervously.

"Is it?" smiled the seemingly relaxed Shirley.

On a sudden hunch (Shirley had the entering lines) Keighley called, without further instructions, "Camera!" Shirley moved in, speaking; others, altering the startled looks on their faces, followed suit. At the end of the long sequence (such scenes often require a dozen or more "takes") Keighley said, unbelievingly: "Okay by me." He shot a look at the sound engineer. Broad grin. "Okay." Keighley beamed. "Print it!"

Shirley, receiving general congratulations on her *aplomb*, said with that twinkle in her eye which never means flippancy (more as if she were making fun of herself): "Oh, when you're all old veterans like me, you'll know a first day on a picture is just a first day on a picture!"

When your reporter visited the set, "Honeymoon" was still proceeding in that pleasant mood. ("Sure it's a happy set," Bill Keighley agreed. "Why not? What's the use of going at your work as if it were some form of torture? I've never believed in that.")

Keighley's enthusiasm for Shirley's work and his confidence in her future came out without prompting. "She has," he said, "the most valuable and rarest quality a motion picture actress needs. It's what brought her instant fame as a child. She still has it, the mysterious essence that seems to glow at you from the screen—*personality*. Nobody but the Lord can give it to you. And she has the most valuable technical aid to 'getting across' a scene. It's another mysterious quality, or ability. A flare for it can be born. Experience, where the knack exists, sharpens it. That's *timing*." Keighley paused, then concluded: "Think of having that young woman's experience-earned equipment, natural charm and good sense about life—and being just eighteen!"

It was nice to think of, and, as I reflected on how surely Keighley's judgment augured a long, bright star-future for Shirley, the subject herself passed by without so much as cocking an ear in our direction. It seemed I saw a slight frown, and a moment later, I was asking: "Did I see you worrying?"

"Oh, not worrying," said Shirley cheerfully—"just thinking."

"Yes?" queried I, wondering what *else* she had on her mind, besides what I'd already found out about.

"Well," answered Shirley, "I was figuring what kind of dress I wanted to wear to Mary Lou's wedding." (Blonde Mary Lou Isleib has been Shirley's stand-in for nine years, ever since the time they used to play tomboy games, on "no shooting" days, in the Temples' Brentwood backyard.)

"You'll be matron of honor?"

"Oh no. Her sister-in-law will be that. I'll be a bridesmaid."

That last word seemed a trifle odd to me, but I stumbled on: "Maid of honor?"

Shirley explained patiently, "You don't need a matron of honor and a maid of honor *both*. I'll be a bridesmaid."

"Hey!" exclaimed I, suddenly waking up, or thinking I had. "Can a married woman be a bridesmaid?"

"Certainly." Shirley sounded particularly sweet, as if it were be-kind-to-dumb-animals week.

Crushed by my own ignorance—how can men know so little?—I stumbled on to another subject, promptly running into more self-confusion. "What kind of furniture and decoration," I asked, "will you have in the new house?"

Here's the score, as mangled by a mere man. The house isn't new; it's what John and Shirley could get, by luck, on a lot next to the Temples' home. There's one *big* room. Structurally it'll stay like it is—try and find a carpenter!—and will serve as living-room, library, music room and dining-room. Its walls will be pale aqua (how'm I doin'?); the furniture will be French provincial, featuring especially a sofa that will be battleship gray, with roses, with bright red blossoms, with green leaves—plus white bamboo shoots! The wall in the main bed-room will be pale yellow; that in the guest-room "gay colors." The powder room—whoa, boy!—will be pink, with applique flowers. An ice-box came with the house and Shirley has bought (what young couple hasn't?) a second-hand gas stove, which she says is "swell."

Shirley, always a companionable person who loves to have friends near, added, "We're going to fix that guest room as attractively as possible. Then—I'm already promoting a campaign to have all my girl friends get married, so they can come in turn and visit us."

Shirley and John are discovering few topics on which they differ, many on which they share opinion or tastes. Their preferences in food are wide. John likes duck or "something else gamey" when he feels like a special meal. "But mostly," Shirley says, "he's a meat-and-potato man." Shirley runs the feminine food gamut, with a fondness for salads and ices (she's never had to diet) and "pretty nearly everything in the world—but duck."

One mutual taste that brought them

together was love of music. Shirley and John both like the good American modern composers, Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite" being one of their favorites and "almost anything by Aaron Copland." Among popular ballad singers they like Dick Haymes, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como and "several more." Of the lady balladeers it's Jo Stafford, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, Frances Langford and "all the other good ones." Dancing together seems pretty much the pair's idea of heaven on earth

Just as we were going more into likes (dislikes were negligible), someone from the costume department came in, bearing costume. Your reporter went out, and wasn't aware that the dressing-room door had re-opened until Shirley's voice chirruped innocently: "Would you like to be an actor?"

The things a man will say "Yes" to!

"I have to go over this radio script for tonight," explained Shirley, "to get used to my cues. You play Peter Lawford, Hume Cronyn and Keenan Wynn."

With that triple duty to perform the nature of the script became, and remains, a matter of confusion. It seems that three G. I.'s met a WAC, or a Red Cross Girl, or an Information Desk Lovely at a USO canteen, and tried to bewilder her with brash sweet talk She finally bewildered them back, and, as far as memory serves, they all went off together to some jollification.

Do you wonder I'm confused? Here are some of the lines: (Your correspondent is playing Peter Lawford): "Hello Sister, Dollbaby, Honeychile."



Swoonderful siren, Lisette Verea, in the Marx Brothers' "A Night in Casablanca," wears a stunning polka dot scarf and hat.

Later in the script (I'm now reading Hume Cronyn's part), *Shirley* says: "That's telling 'em, Honeylamb, Honeychile, Honeybunch, Darlin'!" Mr. Hume-Wilkinson: "Come, Sugar-pie, let's go!" "That's all," said Shirley (not in the script) and Mr. Lawford-Hume-Wynn-Wilkinson considered that was a good exit line—for him.

However, standing in the door, I thought of the *multiplicity* of this eighteen-year-old's day today, and all her days, and turned to ask a question: "Shirley, doesn't *anything* ever worry you?"

"Yes," she answered, and the twinkling mischief sparked by the sugary script-lines vanished, leaving a wholly serious Shirley. "I worry because I'm so—incompetent to advise girls my own age and younger who write for advice."

"What do they most ask, Shirley?"

"Oh, about marrying young, and about all sorts of problems they face."

"Why do you think you're incompetent to help?"

"Well," said Shirley, "John and I sometimes think we have a lot to figure out, but we know that other couples, and boys and girls thinking of marrying, have plenty of problems—different, maybe, but plenty—and then have a pressing money problem besides. I know we're lucky and I'd feel—presumptuous, to try to advise other girls."

"*They* don't feel that way," I pointed out, "or they wouldn't ask your opinion. Suppose you *did* feel you could advise, what would you say?"

Shirley spoke slowly: "Well, I *believe* that, no matter what the difficulties might have been in front of us, feeling like I did, I'd have married John. I believe, too, that whatever a girl decides about romance and marriage, she should talk over in full confidence with her family. It doesn't seem to me lucky or wise to start anything so important without every effort toward a family thinking together. I've been lucky there, too—my family has been so understanding. Maybe, from some of the letters I read, I'd rather advise *families* than girls. I'd say, 'Be understanding with your daughters.'"

That thought I pass along from a young wife whose wish is that every heart be as happy as hers.

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"I Love/Hate Maisie," Says Ann Sothern

Continued from page 43

cake, the lace on the valentine. Now people think of me as an actress, I hope. If they do, I have Maisie to thank. Certainly, undeniably, Maisie brought me fame and fortune, which I might, but also might *not* have had without her. She introduced me to an awful lot of people I might never have known, or heard from, if they had not been interested in the Maisie character. In addition, a very big sum in addition, she introduced me to a new-to-me field of entertaining—*radio*. With one Maisie a year on the screen and one Maisie a week on the air—well, the combination of radio and pictures is certainly the ultimate of what you can expect from a career.

"Maisie," Annie said, casting her eyes (gray as moonstones, Ann's eyes) about the flower-filled suite of the Waldorf-Towers, where we were lunching, "may even be said to have brought me to New York, this trip, my first trip East, by the way, in nearly six years. And what a whirl she has given me! For we are here, Maisie and I, to confer with our sponsors and to meet the radio press, which I had never met before. Maisie, by the way, also stands me in good stead, now and again, in somewhat," Ann laughed, "more private concerns. As, for instance, on hospital tours, or in crowds, anywhere, for that matter, there is always one freshie. Well, all I have to do when I meet up with one of the species is look like Maisie, or make a gesture like one of Maisie's, or say something Maisie would say—the cracks she makes to guys really slay 'em, you know—and, brother, they are lambs! They never open their kiss—I mean, their mouths, again!

"What I don't like about Maisie, but can't blame her for: It is a great and grave danger for an actress to be known as only one character. It is too easy, too fatally easy to be typed; too difficult and sometimes impossible to break type. Like the late Alice Brady, who was a great actress with a great range, but got typed as one of those sort of talky females, couldn't get away from the woman and suffered a kind of professional atrophy as a result.

"Even with change of situation, atmosphere, locale; whether Maisie is in the Klondike or the Congo or in Reno, whether she is being a 'lady' or 'getting her man,' wherever or whatever, you dare not vary her too much because audiences, knowing her, expect certain mannerisms and reactions, a certain way of walking and talking, and would be disappointed if she changed so much as her way of dressing. The result is that your own personality becomes submerged and you are threatened with the loss of your own identity, as I feel mine is threatened when people hail me as Maisie and probably think of me as Maisie and so expect me to talk as Maisie talks, dress as Maisie dresses, behave as Maisie behaves.

"I know they do," Ann added, "because, when I did hospital tours, the boys would be surprised, at first, at the way I talked and dressed. 'You don't *sound* much like Maisie,' they'd say doubtfully, 'and that suit and hat, I—I can't quite see Maisie in 'em!' Later, they broke down," Ann said, "and seemed to forgive me for NOT being Maisie and we got along fine.

"Maisie," Annie added, "is gussied up all the time. It's her idea of how to dress—the wrong kind of hat, the wrong kind of shoes, too many ruffles, too many beads and bangles, that's Maisie!

"When MGM's star-dressmaker, Irene, and I create the Maisie costumes, we have so much fun, we laugh so hard, we get hysterical, simply hysterical. Irene does the designs, of course, submits them to me and once the wardrobe is under way, we fit it—then stand back and say of a dress or a coat that, in spite of her, has Irene's too-perfectly right line, 'Now, what can we do to make this *wrong?*'

"Maisie's clothes must have, too, a certain pertness, a sexiness about them, which we do with low-cut blouses, a tight waist—Maisie," Ann said affectionately, "wears *everything* too tight—a little bustle, the ruffles, of course, too much jewelry, just *gussied*. Whereas I have a tendency to underdress, if anything. Like simple clothes, tailored. Hate ruffles. Wear not more than one piece of jewelry, in addition to my wedding and engagement rings, at a time." (This time, the one additional piece was a gold disc bracelet.) "Don't like anything conspicuous and if I did like it, Bob wouldn't let me wear it—and never wear my hair in bangs. Although I might," Ann added musingly, "if Maisie *didn't*.

"Not that I feel superior to Maisie," Ann made haste to explain, "because—although I am in almost every way the exact antithesis of everything Maisie is on the screen," (except that Ann, like Maisie, has a pert face, a kind of baby-face, and is honey-blonde) "—I don't. For if you get the basis of Maisie's character right, you not only laugh at her and love her, you also," Annie said soberly, "respect her.

"To think of Maisie as a tarty character which, because of the way she



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dresses and the cracks she makes to the 'guys,' I am afraid some people do, is all wrong. Maisie doesn't use bad words. Maisie never takes a drink, if she can help it. 'Papa drank.' That's why Maisie doesn't like to take a drink. 'Because of what happened to poor papa!' Maisie's reactions are not those of a cheap girl. Never.

"Maisie is just a little girl, born in Brooklyn, and christened Mary Anastasia O'Connor (Ravier is her stage name), 'after mama's favorite sister.' Her parents were poor so that she is, as she says of herself, 'Not dumb, just uneducated.'

"The basis of the Maisie character is that she is a gal with a heart of gold. Always out of a job. Guys always on the make for her. Very earthy character, with a very poignant quality, she is the kind of girl anyone tells a sad story, or she feels sorry for someone and she gets right in the middle and takes over, and usually *that's* the story—and that's where I come in a little bit, for I, too," Annie said with a comic shrug, "am overly sympathetic, a pushover for a sad look. I'm called 'Nurse Edith' by my nearest and dearest, because I have a remedy for everything from a scratch to major surgery. A frustrated doctor or nurse, I am. Must be. So that part of me, the pushover part is," Ann laughed, "an identification with Maisie that makes that phase of her character understandable to me.

"Maybe there is identification between Maisie and me in," Annie said rather wide-eyed, "more ways than one. Like Maisie is a very gregarious and friendly person. And I am, too. I like people, like to be *with* people. Not in a crowd. But with my family, with my friends. Like to watch people. Like to sit in a car, sometimes, parked on a busy intersection and just *watch* people. LOVE people.

"Friendly, too. Hate to be alone. That's why it's so wonderful having my baby." Annie said contentedly. "That's why—just one reason why—when our Patricia ('Tish,' we call her) is around too, I want to have another. Papa wants a boy next time. But I want another girl and have already named her Deborah!

"And sentimental, too, even as Maisie—the kind of person that holds on to things and people, loving them more the longer I have them, or know them. Marie, my personal maid, for instance, has been with me eleven years and I couldn't live without her. I just *love* her. Hate to give up *things*, too—clothes I have had for years and been happy or unhappy in, books I have read from childhood, souvenirs of parties and places I don't want to forget. Just don't like change—either in the people around me, or in pets, or in furniture, or garden flowers, or anything at all, either animate or inanimate.

"But in spite of the fact that we really get along right smart, when you come to think of it, Maisie and I, and I love her," Annie smiled her curly smile, "more than I *don't* love her, and have more to thank her for than to spank her for—and although this identification of me with Maisie is, I realize, a distinct compliment to me, I still flatter myself that Maisie is a *characterization*. She is not—remember me?—Ann Sothern."

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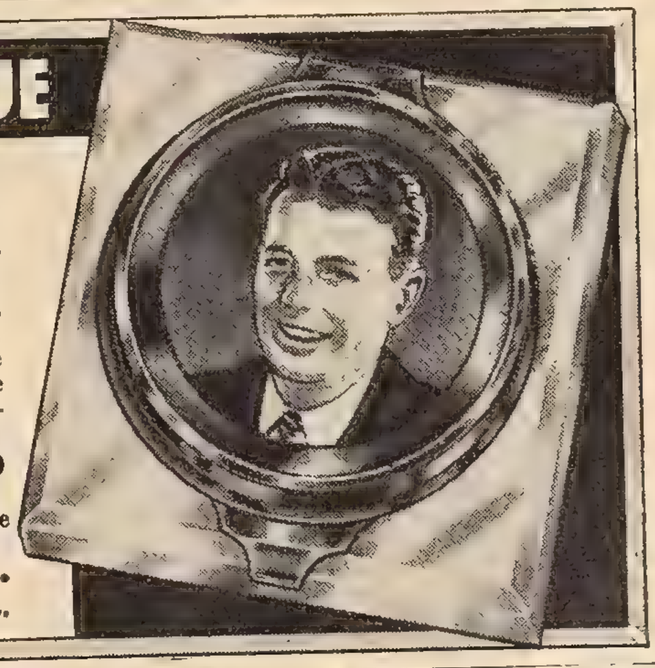
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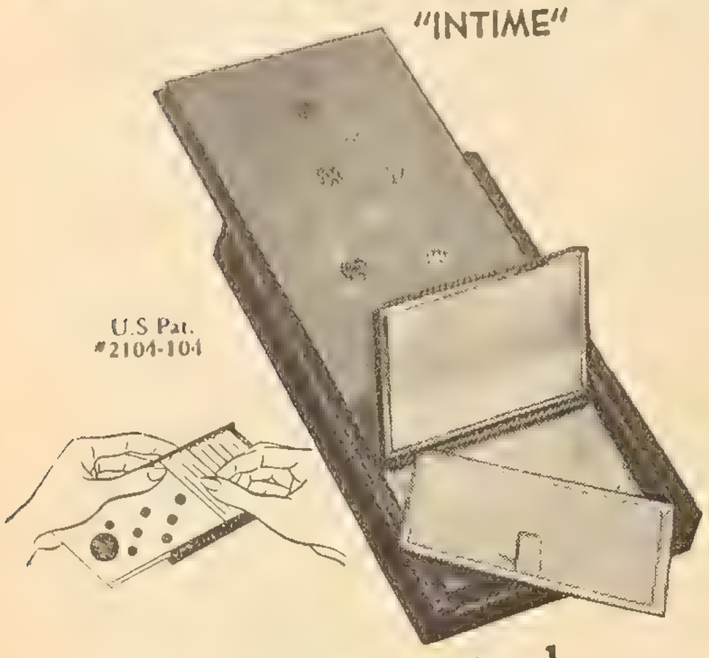
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Irrepressible Pete

Continued from page 37

The director of Keenan Wynn's last picture happened into the MGM commissary. Keenan was supposed to start retakes the next day. Peter sprang at him with the intent eagerness of a bloodhound that has suddenly sighted its quarry.

"Too bad about Keenan," he said sympathetically.

"What about him?" demanded the director.

"He fractured his arm," Peter moaned elaborately.

"Wh-what????" roared the director, "I haven't heard anything of it."

"It only happened this morning." Peter mourned, returning to the table as the director listlessly pushed on to his own seat. A moment later he glanced toward the hapless victim of his prank. "Look at him," Peter exulted. "He's *bleeding!*"

The young lady from the publicity department who arranges interviews between stars and writers approached the table. Peter bent his shoulder to the wheel once more. He had an interview set for that night with a writer from one of the "slicks." "Dottie," he said mournfully, "I'm afraid I won't be able to keep that interview tonight." The girl's hair rose. "Can't keep it!" she gasped. "Why the man is coming all the way in from Pasadena." "I know," Peter agreed in crestfallen tones, "but I just got word some friends of the family are arriving at 7:00 o'clock and I have to be at the station to meet them. You know what trains are these days. It might be nine or ten until they arrive. The worst of it is, I can't make it any other night this week, either."

"But you'll lose the interview," she wailed.

"I don't mind so much for myself," Peter assured her nobly, "I'm just afraid it might put *you* in a bad light with the front office. But I'll tell them it was my fault," he assured her magnanimously. The waitress approached the girl. "I don't think I care for any lunch," said Dottie, her voice trembling, as she pushed back her chair and rose. Peter must have felt a twinge of conscience for he got a fatuous expression on his face as he babbled "April Fool!" "You!" shrieked the girl.

He has one of the most even dispositions I have ever come across. Even when he does blow up, it takes a long time for him to get really sore. And he can take a needling as well as dish it out. I decided to give him a dose of his own medicine and have a little sport with him. About an hour after lunch I made my way back to his set, my face looking (I hoped) like a thundercloud. "You back again?" he inquired amiably.

"What kind of run-around are you trying to give me?" I barked.

Peter's face took on an expression of concern. "What do you mean?" he countered nervously.

"You know what I mean," I growled. "Pretending to be so friendly when I'm here, and then, the minute my back's

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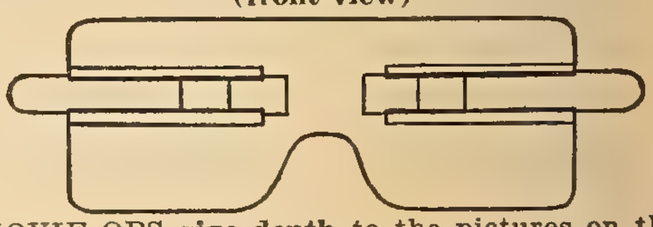
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turned, phoning the front office to keep me off your set—saying that I 'upset' you."

"I—," he began and then his face broke into that grin of his. "Mook," he announced, "you *may* be a good writer but you're a rotten actor!"

His appetite is prodigious. For lunch he started out with a bowl of green pea soup that would have sufficed even me for two meals. "Gosh, I'm hungry," he announced as he finished it off. The waitress, who adores him, hovered over him. He pointed to the menu: "Broiled lamb chops (2)." "I'll have an order of those," he stated.

"Why don't you throw the kitchen into a state of confusion and order three?" I suggested.

Peter made an "O" with his thumb and finger, indicating a perfect suggestion. "Call me up every day just before I go to lunch, will you?" he asked, and turned to the waitress. "A double order of hash-brown potatoes, a chocolate malted milk, and a mixed green salad."

"Do you always eat this much?" I gasped.

"More at dinner," he nodded briefly.

When this food had disappeared, he sailed into a huge slice of devil's food cake with chocolate fudge icing. When it was three fourths demolished he spied the waitress taking an order of lemon meringue pie to another table. "Virginia," he asked plaintively, "do you suppose you could dig up another slab of that pie for me?"

"How about another malted milk, too, to wash it down?" she suggested helpfully.

Peter eyed her severely. "Do you want me to get fat?" he demanded.

Speaking of fat, reminds me of another occasion. I was visiting on his set when the matter of weight came up. "How much do you weigh?" I inquired.

"Hundred and sixty," he replied. "Bob Walker has a fit every time he looks at me. We're the same height and he only weighs a hundred and fifty. My weight's all in my legs," he went on. "I haven't any—er—*derriere*."

I left on a six months' trip. When I returned Peter had put on some weight. "*Now* how much do you weigh?" I wondered.

"Hundred and seventy," he vouchsafed triumphantly. "Walker's bleeding. *He's* down to a hundred and forty pounds!"

Peter is innately a gentleman. Once he went with his parents to a preview of his first (so far as he was concerned personally) important picture. He was going over to Keenan Wynn's afterwards. Just before the picture ended a cordon of police approached him in the theater. "C'm on, Pete," whispered one, "we'll get you out to your car before the crowd gets out of the theater." He got away from the theater all right but the first thing he did when he got to Wynn's was to phone and make sure his parents got home safely.

In the lives of most boys approaching their majority there are moments of disgruntlement and dissatisfaction at home. Times when they feel they're misunderstood and unappreciated. In Peter's



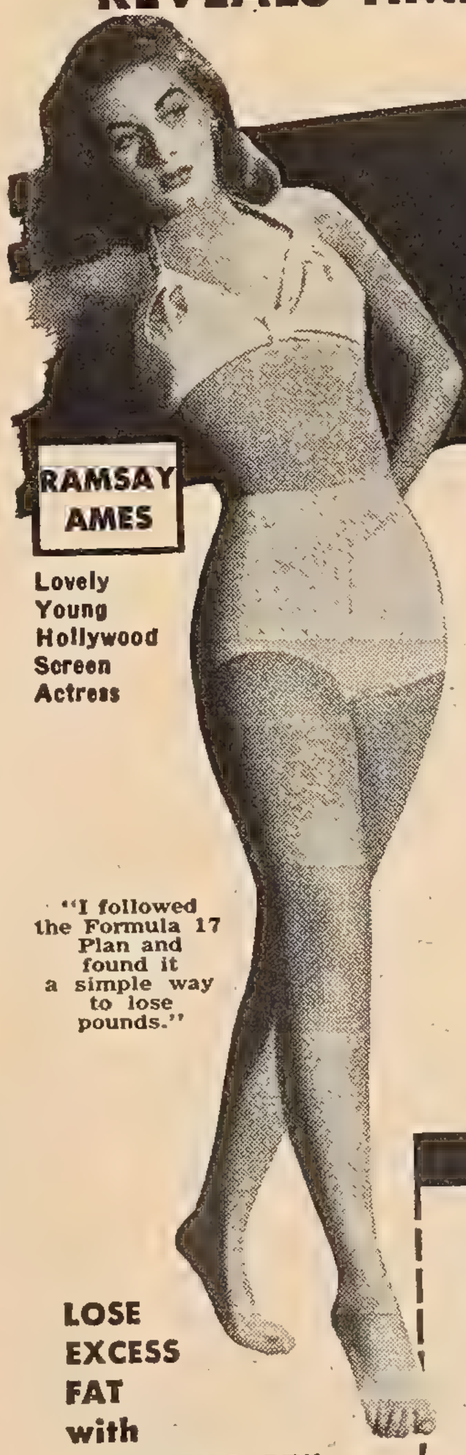
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case things came to a climax when he was 20. He was still being told what time to be home at night (an old English custom) whereas American boys his age stayed out as late as they pleased. But before things reached a showdown he left (in June) on a trip to Alaska. When he returned in September he had passed his 21st birthday and was solemnly presented with a latchkey. He wore short pants until he was 16 (also an old English custom).

He was 17 when he had his first date. "It would have been ridiculous for a chap my size to have a date in short pants," he explained.

"Were you in love?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, sure," he replied carelessly. "I was making a big thing of it. It was in Palm Beach, Florida. The girl was from Detroit and her family had a winter home there. We still write each other occasionally."

He reads anything and everything he can lay hands on. If someone whose opinion he values raves over a book, no matter how old it is, Peter digs it out and reads it. For instance, he has just finished "Finley Wren"—a novel that must have appeared eight or ten years ago.

At the moment he is deep in Oscar Levant's "A Smattering of Ignorance." Once when Levant and his friend, George Gershwin, were sharing a compartment from Hollywood to New York, Gershwin threw a dig into Oscar. It rankled. Oscar, biding his time, encountered Gershwin at a party one night just after the opening of a new (and very successful) play of his. After listening to Gershwin's ravings for a while, Oscar broke in. "Tell me, George," he implored, "if you had it to do again, would you fall in love with yourself all over?"

"I can't wait to pull that on Wynn," Peter chortled, then his face clouded. "But the time and place have to be exactly right," he worried. "You can't waste a crack like that just to be smarting off."

I asked how, with all the running around he does, he finds any time to read. "I really don't do much nightclubbing," he answered. "It runs in fits and starts. I may go out socially four or five times in a week but then I probably won't go again for a couple of months."

His part in "Two Sisters from Boston" was his first big part since he was a child star in England. Asked if it didn't seem strange to know he had finally "arrived," he answered, "No," and virtually quoted something the immortal Carole Lombard once told me. "Acting is just like any other business. You enter it expecting to serve an apprenticeship while you learn the fundamentals. After you've learned them you expect to progress or you would never have chosen that profession."

Asked if he was excited over this lead, he again said, "No. Once you get a part and study your head off trying to figure out a characterization, you worry more about your next part."

Fortunately, this worry was spared Peter. Before he finished "Sisters" 20th Century-Fox made a deal to borrow him for a lead in "Cluny Brown." Before that was finished MGM told him his next was to a comedy called "My Brother Who Talked to Horses," with Butch Jenkins, Beverly Tyler, Spring Byington and Charles Ruggles.

It was while he was working on "Sisters" I dropped into his dressing room one afternoon. A new magazine had just hit the stands with his first interview and Peter was wildly excited. Keenan Wynn was also there.

"Which magazine is that?" I asked. "I'd like to read an interview that can engross anyone so completely."

"Will you?" he exclaimed in simulated eagerness and a display of naïveté. "It's on page 23."

"I wish I could bust into one of those magazines," Keenan commented in mock envy.

"Never mind, chum," Peter consoled him, "I'll mention you in all of mine." And he has.

Keenan is never very far from his thoughts. He cannot carry on a conversation of any length without mentioning him half dozen times. When I mentioned once that I had never seen Keenan on the screen he regarded me in shocked surprise. "You've sure done yourself out of some enjoyable theater," he said in a strained voice. "He's one of the very greatest actors on the screen. His work in 'The Clock' should have got him an Academy award."

Knowing I am from the South, Peter once tried to tell me a story about a colored couple. His Southern dialect is about on a par with my acting. But, anyhow, when he came to the point he forgot it. He threw up his hands in despair. "That's what always happens when I try to tell a story," he wailed.

His favorite sports are tennis, horseback riding, volley ball and swimming. For the latter two he goes to a public beach, the volley ball being played with a bunch of boys from U.C.L.A. he met down there. He goes to the beach almost every day he has off, winter or summer. He modestly admits that tennis is one of the few things he does well.

If asked his outstanding characteristic I should say his grin. He has the most infectious grin I have ever seen but he doesn't wear it thin. When he grins he means it.

His most outstanding trait is his loyalty. There are few people anywhere who go around touting their friends as Peter does.

From the foregoing you may have gathered I have a vast admiration for Mr. Lawford. I have, indeed. When he is working, the other stars on the lot get short shift from me. I can't tear myself away from his set. When Peter is going good there are a dozen laughs a minute. And his intellect is as keen as his wit.

I mentioned the fact that he is innately a gentleman. An evidence of this is his persistence in addressing anyone a year older than himself as "sir." On the occasion of our first meeting (I think he was seventeen or eighteen at the time) that "sir" business began to get under my skin. "Confound it!" I yapped in pretended rage, "stop calling me 'sir.' It's bad enough getting old without being treated with respect on top of it."

Peter jumped. "Yes, sir," he agreed meekly.

Father Hollywood

Continued from page 49

was a singing waiter there, says, "He had the rhythm, all right—it's still with'm!") Jimmy, too, must have had from the first the "sun-lamp" quality June Allyson described, or it wouldn't have survived the smoky murk of Diamond Tony's. And the habit of *helping* people, without needing to think twice, has to be part of a person's *practice* in life, to last.

Cut now—for a clue—to a ten-below night in one of New York's coldest winters of the middle '20's. Jimmy's up out of the murk now, in the chips, as sparkplug of the smashingly successful song-dance-comedy team, Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Lou Clayton, senior member of the toast-of-the-town act, lets the wind scud him along as he walks, very late, up Broadway. One sole figure approaches, careening *into* the wind, shoulders hunched to meet it, hat pulled down for a face-shield. "Either a bum," thinks Clayton, "or as big a fool as I am —to be out this night!"

In 1946 Clayton still shivers as he recalls the two realizations that hit him at one time: the man was Jimmy, and *he wore no shoes*. Lou, frightened, ran forward, shook his friend's arm. "Jimmy, are you crazy! Where are your shoes?" "Oh—hello, Lou." "*Where are your shoes?*" Jimmy peered guiltily from under his hat-brim. "I gave them to a guy. His toes were all sticking out." "Do you want to die of pneumonia? Why didn't you give him some money?" "I didn't have enough dough on me. And where could he buy shoes this time of night?"

It wasn't far to Jimmy's hotel. The tall man hustled him there, dunked his feet in hot water, then stood over his slight friend and fumed: "You've been pestering me to handle your business and finances. I didn't want the job. I don't want it. But you win. You need a manager." Of that relationship, which has lasted two decades, Clayton has two remarks to make: "The way I felt, I'd rather have soaked his head than his feet," and "Yeah, I manage to keep him from giving away *everything*—but I sure was glad to get that bird away from snowy winters!"

With Jimmy the reaction is always simple: somebody needs something—he has it. Exchange takes place! Proof that those kind impulses also *last* is exampled by a letter—illiterate writing on cheap paper—that recently arrived at Jimmy's home. Durante pals (several live in the house) had seen that scrawl before. They chorused: "What's she want now?"

The letter, bearing the return address of an institution politely called a hospital, but to which a great city's courts commit the "patients," read: "They let you walk out in the grounds on sunny days here. Send me a good-looking bag, will you, Jimmy, and an umbrella. I'd like to put on a little dog. And remember—I love color!"

Jimmy's friends hooted when he told them the request, but Jimmy purchased and mailed the items—a purple bag and a purplish-red umbrella.

To grasp the beginning of that drama, cut back to 1911. Jimmy, at eighteen, still adorned Diamond Tony's. A girl—call her Millie—came to work there, and the skinny kid—though the hot summer nights would have wilted most people—felt spring in his heart. Toward the end of that summer season, Millie asked Jimmy to let her wear his sole asset, bought out of saved tips—a small diamond ring. He was complimented, thrilled. The season ended; an almost jobless winter brought an acquaintance with New York's snow that Jimmy wouldn't forget. He was miserable—couldn't locate blonde Millie, couldn't have financed a date if he had.

When summer rolled around, Millie showed up at Tony's—minus the ring. Jimmy, subdued, didn't mention it, but two weeks later she handed it to him, confessing, "I was broke—I had to pawn it." Jimmy tried to persuade her to keep the stone, but she wouldn't. It was a happy summer, though. Millie gave him three dates, which he of course asked for on pay-days only.

The third summer, Millie, now a dressed-up girl with *big* diamonds, told her admirer: "I can't go out with you any more, Jimmy. I've got a steady feller." That floored Jimmy, whose own nature would have caused him to follow what was in oldtime show business an inviolable rule: "Never hang around a man's wife—or his girl."

Things happened to Jimmy—happy marriage, glittering success, international plaudits. One night as he came out of a New York theater where the famous team was starred, an almost hag-faced woman confronted him. Drab hair was untidily bunched; clothes were soiled-looking; gaps showed front teeth missing. Jimmy failed to recognize this apparition. The thirteen years that had done so much for him had worked differently for Millie!

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"What," asked Jimmy, somewhat dazed, "will they cost?"

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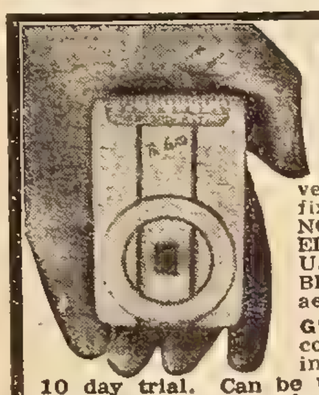
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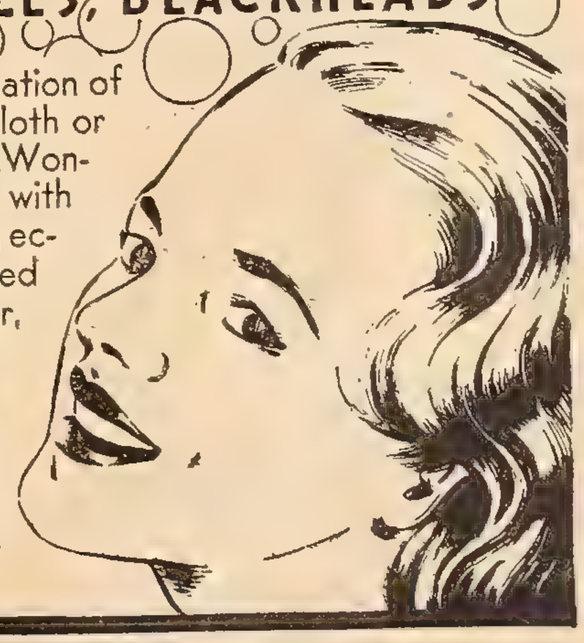
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"Forty dollars." Jimmy's hand went automatically to his pocket. For twenty-two years since—personally when in New York, by mail when away—he has kept up a weekly allowance to the lorn shadow of the woman who once was his young man's dream of romance. More than once an associate has argued, regarding Millie's twenty-two year pension: "You owe this woman nothing, Jimmy. And you know she's no good—she deserves nothing." Jimmy's answer comes back always the same: "When you need help, you need it just as much whether you deserve it or whether you don't."

Behind such a philosophy (there are twenty-five or thirty pensioners, at least, on Jimmy's "pay-roll") it's natural to find a religious nature. Lou Clayton, not given to solemn words, says, "Jimmy has a profound belief in the Almighty. But none of his kindness is because he feels he ought to do it. That's his way of pleasure."

There's another girl story, different as day and night from unhappy Millie's, that dates back to Jimmy's youth. The self-taught pianist had moved from Coney Island to The Alamo, at Harlem's edge. Down the street gleamed a larger, more glittering beer-hall-restaurant—The Alhambra. Jeanne Olson, a brown-haired, vivaciously pretty girl from Toledo, rode bewilderedly in a taxi through the strange streets of New York. She bore a letter from an agent to The Alhambra's manager. Her confusion became a choked kind of fright as the taxi-meter threatened to reduce her capital to zero, and when she saw a large sign, "THE ALAMO," she mistakenly told the cabman, "This is it."

Most people would call that error an accident of Fate. Jimmy believes it was a kindness to him from God. By then directing The Alamo's entertainment program, he read the letter, hired the girl on the spot and began, almost as promptly, proposing to her. For years he covered up his love-at-first-sight romance with this version: "I used to play the horses a little, and I kept the Racing Form on the piano, where I should have kept sheet music. What's a few skipped notes? One night, after I had accompanied Jeanne and at the same time tried to figure the seventh race for next day at Jamaica, she turned on me: "You're the worst piano player I ever heard!" I married her out of revenge.

That sweet revenge inaugurated twenty years of married life that show business considers an all-time high-scorer for mutual devotion. Everything that Jeanne wanted, Jimmy wanted, too: the house on Wilshire Boulevard, built to her plans; the aviary in the backyard, teeming with bright birds she loved; the spaniel that slept at her feet; the sometimes astonishing dishes (all show people like to think they can cook) that she would concoct in the kitchen—while Jimmy hovered around and wise-cracked. Jeanne's attitude to The Schnozzle was simply expressed: her one wish in life was that he could stay home with her all the time.

Their tenderness became poignantly important during the latter half of the couple's twenty years together. Jeanne, never strong, grew progressively ill—for the last three years of her life very ill indeed. During those last three years (Mrs. Durante died in February, 1942) Jimmy worked only when Clayton convinced him a pay-check was imperative. If having accepted an eight weeks' engagement he received a "downbeat" letter from Jeanne, he'd ask release after two weeks. Those brief engagements led to column wise-cracks—"Durante said to be slipping—Durante rumored through"—but Jimmy paid no more attention to those bad guesses than he did to the big-money offers that Lou Clayton continually laid before him. This man's greatest gift seems *always to know what's important in life.*

Jimmy's faith in God gives him firm conviction that he and his wife will be rejoined. Indeed, she is ever with him now. Some friend, telling a joke, will suddenly realize that Jimmy is not listening. His eye will have fallen on a picture, or on Muggins, the spaniel who rarely left her mistress a moment during her last years. He will be living, without a trace of dramatics, in a Presence. Friends have persuaded Jimmy to move from his memory-filled home, but it is not in him to forget. After more than four years. his every-Sunday custom remains invariable: first, attendance at church; then a visit, with flowers, to Mrs. Durante's grave.

People who know the comedian well—observing his delightful relations with young people—wonder whether he may not see, in youngsters like Margaret O'Brien and Butch Jenkins, embodiments of the children he and his wife would so have loved; whether he doesn't reglimpse, in eager young players like June Allyson and the Wilde twins, that brown-haired girl who came to The Alamo by fortunate mistake. Her career he promptly, and happily, cut short. *Theirs* he aids, with a showman's wisdom, a freshness of viewpoint and a conviction of life's goodness that endear him to the young.

As this article is written, Jimmy is coaching Audrey Totter for "The Lady in the Lake," and chortling, "If you listen to me, dear, you'll be 'The Lady in the Soup'!"

June Allyson says, "I've grown increasingly to appreciate Jimmy, through working with him in 'Two Girls and a Sailor,' 'Music for Millions' and 'Two Sisters from Boston.' Back in 'Two Girls' he helped me decisively, yet so smoothly I scarcely realized how much he was holding me up. The second day on the set Jimmy said: 'You're nervous. You're all in knots. I want you to come to my dressing-room, fifteen minutes before each shot, and talk with me.' Though I'd had Broadway experience, I was suffering fright, just as some people cave in when they first attempt radio work. Jimmy would talk with me, in those precious quarter hours, about *everything*—except the scene that was coming up. Horse races, food shortages, song-plugging, anecdotes, funny lies we'd heard (with gestures from Jimmy)—everything!"

Then, June says, she would go before the camera "with the knots all out and the work seeming like fun. But," she adds, "I'd notice that Jimmy never once took his eye off me while I was on-set. *That* didn't make me nervous at all.

Vivacious June grows thoroughly serious, talking about Schnozzle: "In that same picture he gave me a piece of advice I'll never forget. 'You'll stay around awhile,' he'd encourage me. 'Remember always how eager you are, right now, to make good. How nothing's too hard for you. How you *cooperate*. No matter how much good luck comes to you, think and act, in every rôle you play, *as if it were your very first picture*. Then you'll stay around a thousand years!'" (Good advice for any professional!)

Kathryn Grayson told the writer: "I definitely didn't want the 'Two Sisters from Boston' rôle. Maybe I was a little afraid. It seemed easier to fill rôles where I stood around and sang—I knew a trifle more about that than about acting! But Jimmy discarded that smile of his and lectured me. He said, 'You need loosening up. You can't just stand around and warble. Somebody'll be telling you to hire a hall. Movies have to *move*.' He made me feel I *had* to do the rôle—and had to make good."

He did more than that. Jimmy so shamelessly threw scenes to June and Kathryn that Director Henry Koster finally intervened: "Stop ducking to let those girls mug over your shoulder. We're tired of photographing the back of your neck. Turn around, Jimmy. Poke that schnozzle into this picture!"

It remained for Miss O'Brien, as usual, to put the icing on the cake. "Jimmy," she said, in a tone that gave honor to the weighty (155-pound) subject, "is like a second father to me here at the studio." That didn't seem to her strong enough. She let loose. "I guess Jimmy, in our pictures together"—her brows knit—"is kinda like a guardian angel." Now Durante's an angel! Heaven *nose!*

The Men in Marilyn's Life

Continued from page 35

little girls, his admirers, would hate me when they saw me standing there beside their idol!"

But they didn't hate her. "They were very nice about it—perhaps they didn't even notice me!" And even before Sinatra raced on to the astounding career he has had since, he discussed with Marilyn the idea of racial tolerance that he was to put into the picture called "The House I Live In" three and a half years later.

By this time Marilyn was singing with Ted Weems' orchestra and in Weems she met one of her greatest helpers. In spite of her heated protests, he insisted that she had great dramatic talent. He insisted, indeed, so vehemently that, after two and a half years with him, she gave up band-work temporarily and enrolled in the Pasadena Community Playhouse to learn how to act.

"Ted Weems paid for my tuition and gave me a small salary so Mother and I could get along," she told me. "I wanted to sign some sort of contract with him, with an arrangement so that he would get a percentage of my earnings for the rest of my professional life. But he wouldn't hear of such a thing. He wouldn't even agree to a small percentage



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on the money he was advancing me. Can you imagine such kindness? All he would say was that I could pay back what he'd actually spent anytime I was able to and if I wasn't ever able to do it, not to worry about it."

Let it be said here that Marilyn did pay back the money in full. When war came, Weems went into the service and his band was scattered, but when he came back to civilian life, he organized a new group and asked Marilyn to sing at the band's opening in New Orleans. Through arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who let her go down there for a week, a large chunk of the money he's advanced her was returned in the salary she didn't take. The rest was cleared in installments from her contract-pay.

But to return—when Marilyn went into training at the Community Playhouse, she ran the gamut of parts. She did everything,—Shakespeare, Ibsen, ancient Greek and modern American and English drama. She even played an old, old woman once and was cast as a man another time!

Meanwhile, Perry Como, who'd been with Weems for six years then, was teaching Marilyn, who'd never had a formal music-lesson in her life, phrasing, diction and every trick on how to put over a number. Johnny Johnston, whom she'd met in 1941, took active interest in her bringing-up. He came to the house and played chess with her Uncle Tom. He, too, drilled her in diction, phrasing, tone-placement. He made her Capitol recording arrangements for her and found music for her to sing. They even made a "soundie" together, singing the immortal "Good-bye, Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama!"

Marilyn was in Cleveland on a bond-selling tour when Metro approached her for the second time with the offer of a contract. Though she'd refused the first on the old plea that she had no talent, she signed this one and came to Hollywood to appear with Robert Taylor in "Stand By for Action." After that she went into "Presenting Lily Mars" with Judy Garland and "Salute to the Marines" with Wallace Beery. And even though she still felt she wasn't too sure whether she had dramatic talent, she was well launched on a screen career.

It was the following year that she met Bing Crosby, who was another powerful helper. Bing, Bob Hope and other big movie names were putting on one of their golf games to sell war bonds.

"The studio sent out some of their contract girls to be caddies for the players," Marilyn said, "and I was assigned to Mr. Crosby. I was so excited—I'd never met him and I hadn't any idea what to say! The best way to begin seemed to be to introduce myself—so I did. He looked at me—you know the way he does—and said, 'Oh—you're La Max! I've heard about you.' (And, incidentally, I always was La Max to him from then on.) After that he said, 'Why aren't you on my radio program?' Well, I almost sank through the ground with joy—and I could only stutter, 'Oh, Mr. Crosby! I—I'd *love* to!"

This was on a Saturday afternoon, and all that evening and the next day Marilyn floated on clouds. But by Monday, she began to come down to earth. "Oh, he just said that to be nice," she muttered to herself. "It doesn't mean a thing." On Thursday she listened to the Crosby program as usual—and heard him announce in his characteristic off-hand manner, "Our guest-star next week will be Miss Marilyn Maxwell."

"I was on his program for forty weeks," Marilyn said in awed gratitude. "I remember I opened singing 'Tess's Torch Song.' Bing was always kindness itself. He did everything he could think of to give me versatility. For instance, one week I'd play a Southern girl, another a tough telephone operator, another time I'd have a Brooklyn accent. Later they worked out the 'Dear Diary' routine and when I finally went off the show, Bing had his writer, Caroll Caroll, develop a new show that was to be my own. It was called 'Marilyn Maxwell's Diary' and used the same idea of a different little adventure each week's broadcast.

However, though the show was recorded and taken by a sponsor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put its large, collective and leonine paw down on the whole plan. Somehow or other, they couldn't see their dainty, fragile, lovely, blonde Marilyn selling cigars to all and sundry.

This was the period when everyone was designated by a descriptive name. Bing, of course, was The Groaner; Marie MacDonald, The Body; Hedy LaMarr, The Face; Frank Sinatra, The Voice. Marilyn Maxwell was, of all things, The Grin. However, when The Groaner went up to Paramount's front office and demanded Marilyn for his next picture, the deal didn't work out because The Lion wouldn't let her go. The request, however, didn't do The Grin a bit of harm.

Even when Marilyn went to New York to play in Eddie Cantor's "Nellie Bly," Marilyn found help and encouragement from its two veteran stars, Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Though she withdrew from the show on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's advice, she feels she was the gainer in the experience she had playing the Boston and Philadelphia runs. Poor "Nellie Bly" was doomed almost from the start, but Marilyn learned and expanded even in the midst of the confusion of re-writing lines and business, changing choreographers three times and —worst of all—having no director for the piece.

"I'm not sorry about one bit of it," she said sincerely. "I feel much surer of myself than I did before I went East. Then, for instance, I was scared about working with big Broadway names like Moore and Gaxton. I was afraid particularly of Mr. Gaxton—so the first thing I said to him was, 'Look—I've heard you're tough to work with and I'm frightened!' I guess that broke the ice, because nobody could have been nicer than he. He did everything, simply *everything* to help me—showed me stage-tricks, how to get the most out of lines, helped me with my diction. And best of all, he taught me to project my voice. You see, I'm a microphone singer and was very afraid my tones wouldn't get across."

When Marilyn put in her notice and

left the show, dear Victor Moore came to her with fatherly advice and comfort. "Don't let this discourage you, my dear," he said. "I want you to promise me, promise me *faithfully* you'll come back. Because I predict that someday you'll be one of the biggest stars on Broadway!"

And there are people around a Washington Boulevard address in Culver City, California, who prophesy that on a very near someday Marilyn Maxwell will be one of the biggest stars on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. Red Skelton, to be specific, is sure of it. He's absolutely certain that her part opposite him in "The Show-Off" is the turning-point of her career.

"But of all the people who've helped me," Marilyn said emphatically, wagging her finger at me, "I want you to put my mother at the *very top*. Without her I wouldn't have been anything!"

Anne Maxwell was born with a great talent that her English family would never permit her to develop. According to their creed a woman's place is strictly in the home. So when her baby came she named her 'Marvel Marilyn' and poured into her bringing-up all the yearning for a career that had been thwarted in her own girlhood.

"Although the name Marvel has been dropped," Marilyn continued, "the fact that she gave it to me showed what she thought. She watched for signs of talent in me from babyhood. When I danced around the house—as children will—she thought that's what I was to be. So she enrolled me in the Denishawn School of the Dance and played the piano for the pupils in exchange for my lessons. She made all my little costumes by hand for recitals and public performances. She made my gowns later when I went with the first band. She glories in every success."

It's good to talk to someone who is riding the wave nearing its crest. It's good to talk to Marilyn, vital, sincere and intelligent. It's good to meet the next big star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Love Story

Continued from page 46

jammed with hard work, self-doubt, heartache. The road up had been tough, but Vivian was over the hill now, looking backward on yesterday. Before her, the view from the summit unfolded: exciting, unlimited, full of promise. Best of all was the fact that she wasn't alone on that Hollywood hilltop. Manny was right there beside her.

That's where he has been since almost the first moment they met. He was the one who pep-talked her into believing she had top-caliber talent; he was the one who visited with Mrs. Blaine night after night, listening to her dreams for Vivian's future; he was the one who stood by when Viv went through the heartbreak of losing her mother. When Zanuck pronounced Vivian too fat to play svelte heroines, Manny was the one who found the doctor who reduced her. She was working for peanuts? He stepped in and fixed that, too. Nothing fazed Manny—neither snubs, nor bad breaks, nor bad pictures. He went into the offices of the biggest executives, fighting, arguing, demanding, pounding, always selling Vivian Blaine, believing in her talent so thoroughly that he forced others, almost through sheer force of his will, to recognize it, too. If Vivian was climbing the ladder, he was holding it. And, today, no one realizes that fact more keenly than Vivian Blaine, herself.

It's funny how for such a long time, really, they both thought they were just good friends. When they met, there was no terrific impact, no sudden warning that This Was It. Manny used to visit Vivian's mother when Vivian was out on dates. While he was there, he'd ask Mrs. Blaine's advice on *his* current romances. Yet from the instant he heard Vivian sing, Manny realized he had stumbled on a star. She wasn't a "name." Straight from the band stands of New York, she was a too-plump, 19-year-old kid with a $100 a week contract at 20th Century-Fox. She had been in nothing except B-minus pictures. Nevertheless, as Manny followed her from camp broadcast to camp broadcast, listened to her on Command Performances, he saw that when she began to sing, there ensued a hush. Women stopped talking, and men got dreams in their eyes.

Fate is a trickster who sets the stage well, for nothing could have been more casual than Vivian's first meeting with Manny. She was doing a camp show that night, and although the troupe met at the NBC parking lot in Hollywood before heading for the camp in different cars, and everyone was introduced to everyone else, Vivian doesn't remember meeting Manny.

They all rode down to San Pedro, did their stuff on the stage, while Manny—who was visiting a friend of his who was producing the show—observed from the sidelines. Vivian held the audience in the palm of her hand that night. "The mike was just right, the accompaniment beautiful," she explains. What she doesn't go on to say is that she was called back for seven encores. The camp went wild; the boys wouldn't let her go.

Afterwards, the gang went over to the mess hall to eat. After that, they all went on to the Officers' Club. Two song writers who were also members of the show sat down and began to play some of their tunes and some of the old standards. It was casual, informal, and Vivian just began to sing.

Immediately, as before, there was that hush. When she had finished, Manny Frank got up and walked over to her. "I met you before we all drove out here. On the parking lot," he added, as Vivian gave him that what's-this-a-wolf? stare. "I think you have a lot of talent. I'd like to be your agent." There was none of that "beautiful baby" routine.

Vivian very primly told him that she couldn't sign with anyone unless her



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mother approved. Manny asked for her phone number so he could call Vivian, meet her mother, and talk business. With these details completed in a most dignified manner, they said their goodbyes, to return in separate cars to Hollywood. After everyone got back to town, however, the gang decided to drop in on Margaret Whiting, who generally has her house jumping with jive every weekend night. Vivian sang for the crowd, and who should turn up at the party but Manny. He heard her sing again, and if he needed further convincing, that third time really did it.

The next day he called on Vivian and her mother, and that's when things began to happen. "Within a week," says Vivian, "I knew he was exactly what I needed. For one thing, he went to a rival studio, saw one of the biggest producers there and arranged that I would have a job to go to and another contract if I got my release from Fox. The next day, he took me to still another top studio. A big musical producer there wanted to sign me that very day. Finding I was under contract, this producer called my studio to see if he could get my release. I didn't leave Fox, but those calls to my bosses woke people up on my home lot." This reaction was immeasurably reassuring to a starlet who hadn't worked in a picture, and then for a two-day period only, in eight months.

Manny also began to go along with Vivian when she played the camp shows. He watched her carefully, for although he was completely sold, he was also a perfectionist. He told her about things she did that were right as well as things she did that were wrong. He gave her tips on stage presence. He had managed lots of actors and actresses, including Maria Gambarelli, and he passed on to Vivian helpful bits of advice, details he had learned over a period of years. She began to realize that she always felt more relaxed and at ease when he was in the audience. There was the time she got "butterflies in her stomach," and he winked at her. There was the night she stopped the show cold, on the same competitive program with both Betty Hutton and Frank Sinatra. There were the dark days when she knew nothing could save her mother.

How do two people give birth to memories? "By living things through, I guess," says Vivian, remembering. Somewhere, from deep inside her, Vivian had to find courage and understanding. For it did seem unjust that her lovely, 36-year-old mother should have a fatal disease. Never well, she had had to give up her beauty salon when Vivian was fourteen. Vivian's voice was a blessing, for it was up to her to support them both from that time on. Because Mrs. Blaine was an invalid, she was forced to look ahead. As a teenager, Vivian wasn't ambitious. It was her mother who looked to the future, hoping that Vivian could be established before she would be left alone. It was Mrs. Blaine who made the plans, and Vivian who carried them out. They were very close.

There came the day. Manny was calling every hour. Finally, it happened. He went over at once. Vivian's eyes were bright and dry, looking inward upon little-girl memories. How can a man help during a time like that? Manny called every day, but he rarely came over, knowing Vivian didn't feel like seeing anyone or going any place. Friday nights, he'd come over for dinner, which Vivian would cook. They were both very broke. Vivian's small salary had barely been able to cover the staggering doctor bills, the funeral expenses, the rent. Manny had expanded his office at a most unfortunate time; the result was a terrific overhead and all his clients in the service. So they pooled their money for the dinner groceries. It wasn't at all like a date.

Four months passed. Vivian started going out again. She was seen at the Mocambo, La Rue's, the Players, all the tricky night spots. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped dating altogether. She discovered, what other glamor girls had discovered before her, that it's better company to read a book than to fight off wolves who don't want to say goodnight.

Meanwhile, Manny began to drop in about every other night. They found they had much in common; they liked to do the same things. They loved picture shows and spent half their time going to the theater and the other half analyzing the performances. Neither liked parties much and neither liked men or girls on the make. They liked the same type of clothes and the same kind of food. "We just seemed to hit it off all the time," says Vivian today, "and, of course, we were both working for my success."

One night they were both looking at a movie, and there in the darkness of the theater Vivian decided. Womanlike and contrarily, she didn't tell him until later, but that's when she decided.

Not that Manny hadn't been leading up to it for a long time. Vivian was good for him. She had almost a mania about paying bills on time; Manny had a man's carelessness about such things. Also, he'd lost faith in women, believing them all to be out for what they could get. Vivian was honorable and fine, and she thought a gold digger was a desert prospector. Manny was irresponsible; Vivian was steady. Yes, he knew she was right for him. He'd say, "How come you don't go out with other fellows?" She would answer: "I don't know. I haven't found anyone I particularly care about,



Vivian Blaine spares a dance for Dick Haymes at a recent Hollywood party.



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I guess." Then Manny would remark. "We get along and have so much in common, why don't we go steady?" "I'll let you know when I'm ready," said Vivian.

That night, holding hands in the theater, she knew. The next day, she told him. "Manny's reaction was all a girl could expect," grins Viv, "and more! Still he said: 'Are you sure?' "

Vivian couldn't think of anything to say but, "Yes, I am." It was very quick and monosyllabic. "After all," she says, "it was embarrassing, *me* telling *him!*"

They didn't say anything about getting married, because Vivian felt that marriage and a career—when you're building—didn't mix. Besides, she liked the feeling of being engaged. Indeed, she liked it so well she didn't want to set up housekeeping. It was 1944, the 24th of December, and she was sitting in her living room up to her ears in tissue paper, boxes and scotch tape, when Manny strode in, sat down abruptly and said: "Now, look, you're going to make up your mind. Either you're going to marry me, or we'll call it quits right now."

"I don't know what hit him," says Viv today. "He'd never taken such a definite stand before. I didn't know what to do until I realized it had to be 'Yes.' I couldn't go on without Manny."

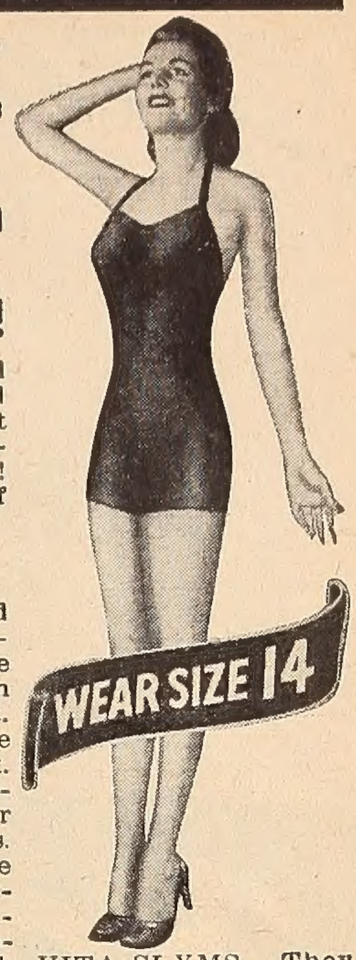
And so they were married, and that's where the story should end. Except that there's when the real test of their love began. The studio wasn't any too happy about their glamor girl getting married. There were ultimatums: Manny couldn't visit Vivian on the set. Everyone seemed to be all mixed up. There was one book of rules for agents-on-the-lot; quite another for husbands-on-the-lot. But here was an agent-husband, and what rules applied to him?

As her agent, Manny fought for salary raises, good rôles, good pictures. He advised her at every turn, for such things were all on familiar ground to him although new to her. Good pictures resulted; "State Fair," "Doll Face," "Three Little Girls in Blue." Also, being her husband, he sensed when she was unhappy about her career, and would deftly and astutely go about smoothing things out for her. Around Hollywood it was rumored that he was butting in where he wasn't wanted; but Hollywood never knew that Manny Frank never did a single thing that Vivian did not want him to do. It sometimes meant keeping a friend for Vivian at the expense of making an enemy for himself. But Manny didn't mind; that's what agents were for, he reasoned, to fight the battles. Besides, with Manny, Vivian has always come first.

Quite recently, he decided maybe it would be better if he weren't her agent. But then something strange happened. Vivian was offered radio shows at *half the price* Manny had always obtained for her services. Vivian, who had never doubted that he was the most terrific agent in the business, sat smugly back while her studio let this sink in. At this writing, things are back to normal—which means the Manny Franks are again working together toward a single goal. It's a fast combination: pure dynamite. Smart guys around Hollywood are betting on the team. Aren't you?

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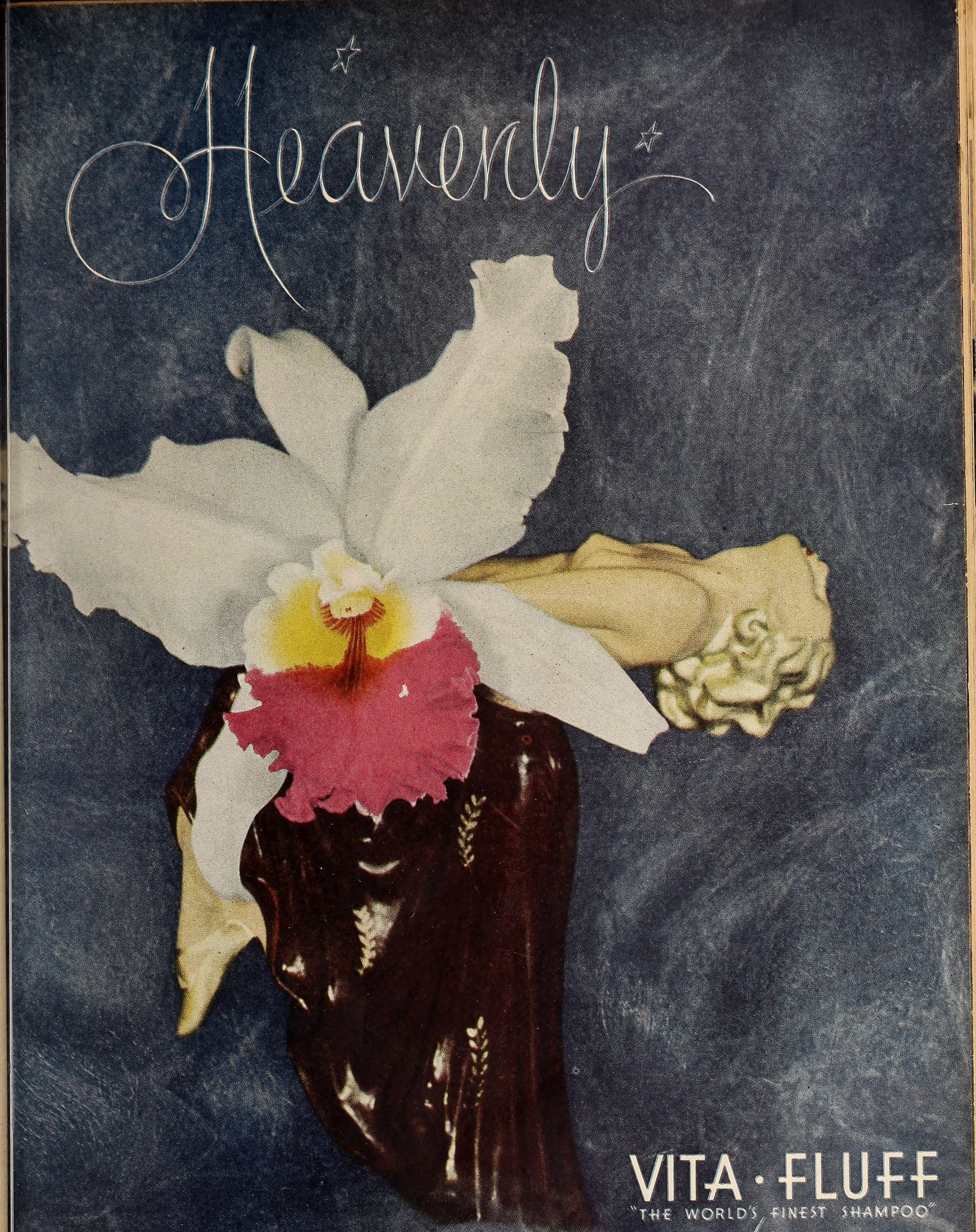
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